

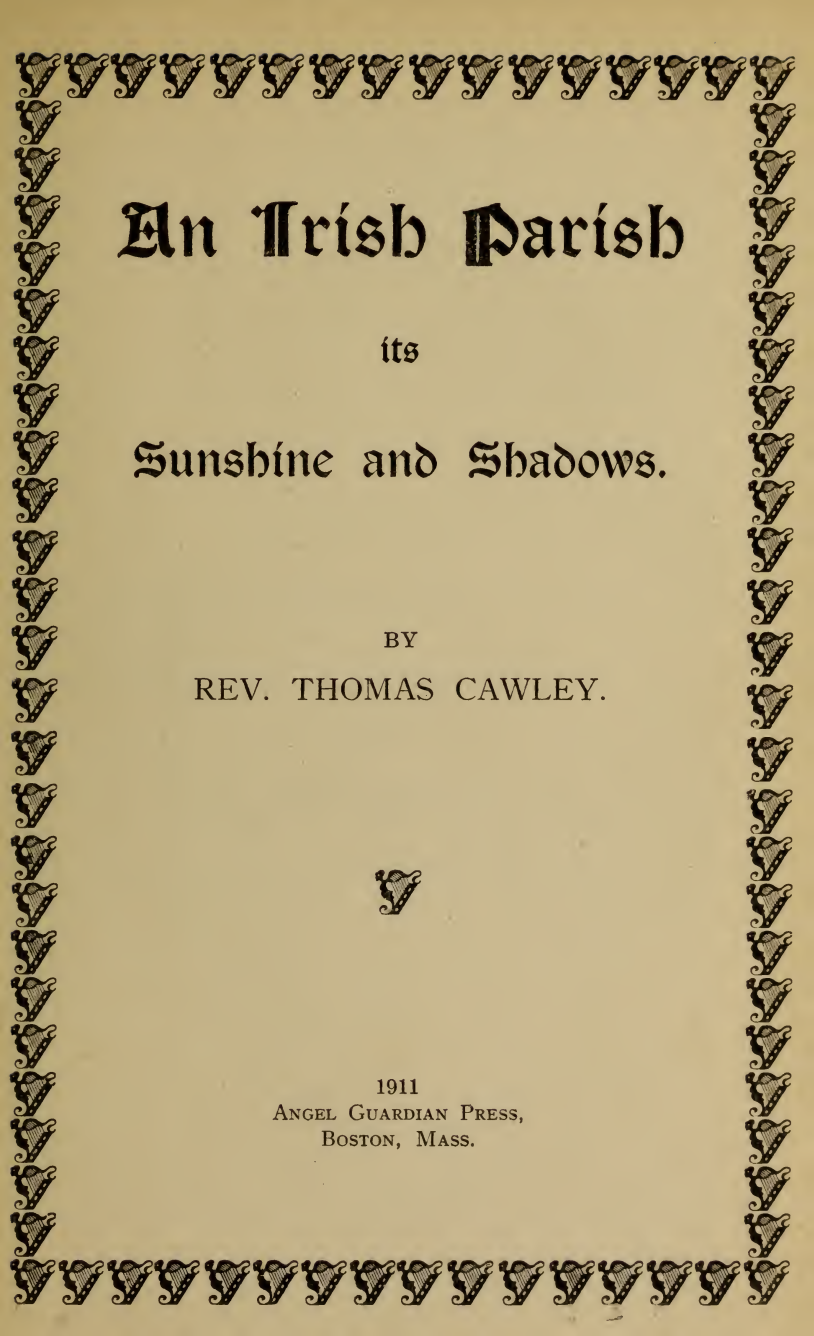
AN IRISH PARISH ITS SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS



FATHER THOMAS CAWLEY



REV. THOMAS CAWLEY.



An Irish Parish

its

Sunshine and Shadows.

BY

REV. THOMAS CAWLEY.



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DEDICATION:

“TO THE MEMORY OF MY BROTHER,
DR. PATRICK T. CAWLEY,
WHO TAUGHT ME GREATER LOVE FOR IRELAND
AND
TO THE FRIENDS I HAVE MADE
IN AMERICA, WHO HELPED ME
TO DO SOMETHING FOR MY COUNTRY.”

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"THE AUTHOR AND MYSELF"

FATHER Frank O'Hara was, according to the common opinion of the parishioners, "a nice, quite, aisy-goin' man that you wouldn't know was in the place at all, weren't it for seein' him an odd time." His brother priests thought him "silent and timorous without a bit of 'go' in him." I shared in the general verdict until we were a few months curates of neighbouring parishes, and then I learned the true character of the man, whom for many years, as boy and fellow student I had personally known. Whether it was a newly acquired knowledge of kindred tastes that drew us close together, I cannot say, but however it was, the barrier of reserve, that kept him apart from others, seems to have gradually disappeared in my case, and I found in him a trusting and trustworthy friend.

I remember one evening I called over to see him. We were seated by the fireside after dinner, and our conversation kept drifting, as conversations will, till it seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to inquire:

"Did it ever occur to you what a great tendency there is in people to confide difficulties and troubles to others, and the strange thing is the confidence seems to beget a relief of some sort?"

"I know it, " I returned, "and not alone are troubles confided, but personal interests as well; I expect it satisfies some natural craving."

"That is quite true; there must be some such craving," he said.

"There are of course exceptions to prove the rule," I continued, "otherwise *you* must be the happiest man in the world, free from trouble worry, and care."

"Why didn't you add "personal interests," he rejoined, "I suppose you thought the addition would hurt."

"Not at all, that was not the reason. It would not be true to say you are free of personal interests; others may think so but I know you."

"You know me, do you? Well now, let's see! You never suspected me of attempting to become—to become an author,?" the last words were said rather hesitatingly.

"Author! to become an author!" I could not conceal my amazement. "Surely that is one of the last things I would suspect you of, Fr. Frank. And you really attempted authorship? I sincerely hope you did not write a book of sermons?" Fr. Frank's sermons were rather dry.

"No!" and he shook his head slowly, "I did not aim so high." He failed to see the point of my remark. "Better men than I am have written enough in that line. My efforts are in lighter vein. I can't call them stories as

that implies fiction and a deal of plot, nor can they be exactly called sketches, so I expect a fitting description would be "Glimpses of Irish rural life as I see it,—with a glance backwards now and again."

"And may I ask how far you have gone?" was my inquiry.

"Well," he drawled, "I have gone to the extent of putting them on paper."

"Never tried an editor?"

"No," he returned with a smile, "I never could pluck up sufficient courage to face an editor. The rejection of even one of my efforts might stop my writing altogether and deprive me of my chief pleasure."

"I call your lack of courage pride," I said severely, "and think you're selfish to keep all the pleasure to yourself."

"To tell the truth, I could never persuade myself that I could write anything that would interest others," he spoke very mildly. "My sermons, for example, are interesting to myself, yet no one else seems to care for them. That fact increased my diffidence and made me silent. Even now I have had a struggle to speak to you on the matter; for weeks I've been thinking over it, and you may notice this evening how gradually I led our conversation from the natural tendency in man to confide up to my own little confidence."

"A little confidence in yourself, would much improve you, Frank" I rejoined, "*an*

duine nach bhfuil meas aige air fein, nil meas ag aoine air, says the old Irish proverb."

"Perhaps if you do me a favour, I may acquire that gift,"

"With pleasure if it be in my power."

"Then here are the keys of my desk," he singled one from the bunch, "open the top right hand drawer; there you will find a bundle of manuscripts tied with white ribbon. Sort them out when you have leisure and if you think any worthy of publication, try, but for goodness' sake, keep the writer's name to yourself. If they are rejected, don't tell me. Let me live in my fool's paradise, writing away for at least my own amusement."

That is how I came to carry home at nightfall a huge collection of closely written pages, and, according to his own wish, I have concealed the author's identity under the fictitious name of Father Francis O'Hara.

Among the first acquaintances Fr. Frank made when he came to Clochfada were Mr. Matt Reardon and Mr. Murty Glynn,— one of them "the leading man of the parish," the necessary result of a bad system, the other a rustic philosopher, sensible, straightforward, kindly, the type of Irishman to be found in plenty among our green fields and wild hills, one whose example and teaching will help to build a great nation.

"THE LADIN' MAN O' THE PARISH."*

GOD save ye, Murty!"
God save ye kindly, Matt!"
"'Tis fine weather we're gettin,'
glory be to God!"

"'Tis, thanks be to God, an' 'tis wanted
now for the spring work."

"'Tis well for him that have spring work
to do, Murty," said Matt solemnly.

"An' more shame for thim that could
have it an' hasn't!" said Murty, with a long-
continued, emphatic shake of his head.

"Ah! That's a whack at myself, Murty,"
answered Matt. "If we wor all graspin'
cratures like some I know, the world 'ud be
a quare place to live in, so it would."

"There's a big differ betune a man mindin'
his own business an' bein' graspin'," said
Murty quietly.

"An' there's a differ, too, betune the in-
terests o' the individual an' the ginerality o'
the people. The ginerality is to go before
all other interests, Murty. That's my prin-
ciple, an' by it I have ever an' always acted,
an' will act!"

"An' the divil a much good it's doin' you,
a nayther, Matt," answered Murty, most
emphatically.

"Murty, I didn't expect this from you'—
I'm a man o' principle, an' I'll stand or fall
by my principle.—As a Disthricht Councillor,

*By Kind permission of Ed. "Irish Rosary."

Murty, I do my best to keep down the rates for the people, an' I'm no man's inimy but my own."

"An' ye have one inimy too many, Matt, a mhic o!" said Murty, looking at the other, pityingly.

"Thim's hard words to a man o' my stand-in,' Murty Glynn," said Matt.

"Amn't I only agreein' with yerself, man alive? Didn't yerself say the same a second ago?"

"Tell me this, Murty! Amn't I keepin' the rates down? Aren't you, Murty, reapin' the benefits o' my labour? There y'are, enjoyin' yer comfort; enjoyin' the fruits o' my arguin' an' fightin', an' no thanks for me, an' me sacrificin' me money an' earnin' for the interests o' the commonality — so I am?"

"You are, in troth, Matt!" said Murty, with great sarcasm. "You are, in troth, sacrificin' yer wife's earnin', God help the crature! an' takin' the bite out o' the mouths o' your poor childre'! Listen to me, Matt — I'd sooner see the rates trebled on myself an' everyone else, an' see you a sober, industrious man, than have no rates to pay, an' see you as you are, goin' every other day into that 'Boordroom,' an' comin' home in misfortune an' drink! There are honest an' good min there, I know, but there are thim in it that are no service to you or me! Sneer, if ye like, an' call me tight-

fisted — as you have done already — but I am a happier an' more continted man than you, with all your greatness, for I have forgotten the smell an' the taste o' drink, an' 'twill be well for you, Matt, when you can say the same thing."

"Smart chat, faix," snapped out Matt, "an' a nice, sweet welcome to a neighbour in the mornin'! You're a frindly neighbour, to be sure, so ye are! But 't isn't for preachin' I come here, Murty!"

"I'm no frind, I suppose, because I tell the truth? Troth, 'twould be well for you, Matt, if you heard less blatherin' an' flattery, an' more truth. I know well, sure, you'd rather I'd say, 'Sure everyone has his faults,' an' other consolemints o' the kind. That'ud encourage ye to go down the hill faster, an' that I won't do."

"Hum! It seems to me my business is done here this mornin'!" and Matt shrugged his shoulders, turned up his nose, and made towards the gate.

"God give you sinse an' a sinse o' shame along with it!" said Murty, getting ready to go to work; and so they parted.

* * * * *

Matt Reardon went down the road, intending to cross the stile in the "Big Field," and go home. The straight and, to his mind, bitter words of his neighbour were still ringing in his ears, and they cut deeply, for

it was seldom he was so spoken to. He wondered with himself," What drove him up to talk to the ould shinflint at all?" And then the incidents that led up to his visit—whose object, by the way, he had not even touched upon—passed through his mind. So humiliating, nay, even shocking, did the whole appear, that he stood on the road, his legs stretched wide apart, his hat pulled down over his left eye, and with folded arms and chin resting on his chest, looked steadily at a point four feet ahead of him; and then, for at least the sixth time that morning, reviewed the whole situation.

"Sweet bad luck from your soul, Mrs. Hogan, there below!" his thoughts rather emphatically began. "Your bad mind an' miserly heart is the cause o' my downfall this blessed day! I'm here, so I am, a frind to the whole countryside: everyone lookin' up to me! one axin' me to put a pump here, another a bridge there, an' all wantin' me to keep down the rates! An' thin, there's gintle an' simple beggin' me to put my name to a 'red-ticket' for medical attindance, an' I'm the man that gives thim! I am, so I am!—An' after all this I'm twice insulted of a Monday mornin,' almost before my eyes are well opened to the light o' day! Well, well, well; to be sure!"

And then he went on to recall the incidents of the morning; how he went into Hogan's public house and called for his "glass o' the

besht." Mrs Hogan herself was inside the counter, and measured it, and then as she was shoving it towards him, asked:

"I suppose you come in to settle that little account with me, Mr. Reardon?"

"Well, no, thin, ma'am," said Matt, "I didn't think there was any great hurry with it, ma'am; an' besides, I didn't happen to bring any money out with me,—in fact, I didn't intind callin' in at all, but just as I was passin' by the ——"

"Well, sure," said Mrs. Hogan, still holding the glass, "you can call this evenin' or to-morrow about the account, an' you're going to pay for this now, at any rate?"

"I will call about the account, ma'am," said Matt, "as ye spake of it; but, as I was sayin', I didn't bring even the price o' the drink with me an' I comin' out. I was only passin' the door and I dropped in to ——"

"Oh! very well, Mr. Reardon," she replied stiffly. "I'm afraid I can't afford to wait longer or add any more items to your account." And she took back the glass from the counter.

Poor Matt was dumfounded. Had it come to this — "a district Councillor, the ladin' politician o' the parish," refused for fourpence worth of liquor? He could not speak, but contended himself with looking vaguely around the shop, and then, hanging his head, walked out. He felt thankful, indeed, for one thing; that there were none of his neighbours present to witness his humiliation.

This incident it was that led him to consider his position. He had no ready money, not as much as would pay for his morning glass. Worse still, he had no ready means of obtaining ready money. His lands were unstocked; his yard was empty of pig or cow or anything saleable, except his old nag and a few fowls. To sell the horse would be to deprive himself of the means of attending the "Boardroom" and "Monster Demonstrations," so that was out of the question; and the sale of the fowl would at most bring in a few shillings, and, besides, would be beneath his dignity as the "ladin' man o' the Parish." Having turned the matter over and over in his mind, he at last hit on one plan "for raising the wind," — to set his land and tide over present difficulties with the proceeds. With this object in view he had gone to Murty Glynn, with what result we have already seen.

"Now, in the name of all that's sinsible, what am I to do?" he asked himself, as he stood on the road. "Divil a one I know able to take that land but Murty, an' words passed betune us before I could even mention it. 'Twould suit him, an' he'd take it, for his own is overstocked, and he's lookin' for a place to put thim, the ways he could till more. Well, well to be sure! an' what am I to do now?" He paused awhile. "I'd better put my principles in my coatpocket," he said, at last, "an' go back to Murty."

He made three or four attempts to return but every time his resolution failed him, and pride "got the upper hand." At last he made a bolder effort and walked back.

* * * * *

"God bless the work, Murty!"

"An' you likewise!" said Murty, as he looked up from his work. To his great surprise he beheld Matt Reardon leaning his elbows on the garden wall, the paleness of his drawn face making his nose appear ruddier than usual, and in his watery eyes there was a most pitiable look.

Murty had guessed at his last visit that something out of the ordinary was in the air, and had in his own mind resolved on a plan to save this man from himself. However severely he might seem to act, he did so for a good purpose.

"I come back," was Matt's bare statement.

"By dad, it seems so," said Murty.

"*Muiseadh* Murty," said Matt, "don't be too hard on me."

"There's no one harder on you than yourself," said Murty, and he continued his work.

"Murty!" came from over the wall.

"What is it, Matt?" asked the other.

"I'm in trouble, Murty!"

"I'm sorry to hear it, but not surprised," said Murty.

"Is that all?" Matt asked.

"It depinds," said Murty.

There was a pause.

"Murty!"

"Well?"

"I'm — I'm — I'm broke, so I am!" said Matt, with an effort.

"Ah!"

"I have a nice bit o' land, Murty."

"You have, in troth, and the divil a much use you're makin' of it. a nayther, Matt," was Murty's answer.

Another pause, and then:

"You have a nice lot o' stock, Murty, God bless thim!"

"They're purty fair, thank God! an' I'm afeard I'll have to sell some o' thim before the right time," said Murty.

"That 'ud be a pity, so it would."

"Well, I can't spoon-feed thim, an' I have no grass for thim." And Murty dug savagely with the spade. Again there was silence between them.

"Murty!"

"Well?"

"You have stock an' I have land. 'Twould be a pity if you had to sell the stock. Troth an' it would so."

"Arrah! an' is that what you wor drivin' at all the time," siad Murty, straightening himself and looking at the other. He had guessed as much from the beginning, but as he wanted to humble Matt, he had refused to help him to make known what false pride made difficult to disclose.

"That's it now for you," and Matt felt relieved that even that little was done.

"Well now, Matt," said Murty, "come 'round by the little gate beyond, an' sit down here under the wall, an' we'll try to make a bargain of it."

Matt did as he was told, and when he had seated himself. Murty asked:-

"Did ye, on your word of honour, take any drink to-day, Matt?"

"Not as much as one tint, Murty."

"An' didn't I see you comin' out o' Hogan's a while ago?"

"You could, an' maybe you did." replied Matt.

"An' did you go in an' out o' Hogan's without takin' drink?" asked Murty in surprise.

"That I did" said Matt.

"Thin wonders never *will* cease!" said Murty.

"An' I didn't take drink, Murty, for I wouldn't get it."

"I'm sorry you're so low, Matt, but 'tis all your own fault. An' I tell you plainly, that instead o' settin' your land, an' havin' your barn, an' stables, an' cow-house empty, instead o' the roof o' your own house lettin' the smoke out an' the rain in, an' instead o' tiradin' about the country speechifyin' an' throwin' away your last pinny on thim that don't care a match for you. 'twould be fitter for you, Matt, to be mindin' your business,

an' thin things would not be as they are."

"Murty, you're hurtin' my feelin's, an' tishn't many I'd let do that, so it isn't!"

"Look here, Matt, we understand each other. You know there's no one would be willin' to take your land but me, as there's no one but has enough for what stock they have. 'Twould suit me well, an' I'll keep it at any fair price you name, if we can agree on the conditions o' sale."

"I thank you, Murty, an' if the conditions aren't impossible, they'll be agreed to an' kept."

"Come on to the bargain so," said Murty. "What are you askin'?"

"Well, there's thirty acres, an' six acres o' the "callows" an' the two acres behind the house. That's thirty-eight acres, not countin' the garden. "

"I know every perch of it, an' now say your lowest price. I'll show you I'm not the graspin' fellow you think me. I'll keep it at your own price — with conditions, though."

"'Tis the best bit o' land in the six parishes, Murty, an' as I have it cheap, I let you have it cheap. What would you say to 18s. an acre till next March?"

"I said I'd keep it at your price — with conditions, an' I'll not break my word. We musn't complete the sale now, for the conditions will only come by degrees. The first is, that till I meet you next Thursday evenin',

not one drop o' drink will pass your lips. That's only three days an' a half, an' I'll name the rest an' complete the bargain, if you do my biddin'."

"Well, Murty," said Mat hesitatingly, "I'd like one little dropeen before I'd promise that, for I'm not feelin' at all well this mornin'."

"Not as much as you'd put in a midge's front tooth will you get from me!" said Murty.

"Well, now, I'm feelin' bad, an' 'twould do me good," pleaded Matt.

"If you as much as taste a drop, Matt, don't talk any more about lettin' the land to me. The bargain 'll be off!"

"Och! *Dia go deo linn!* but that's hard enough. Howsomever," he added resignedly, "I suppose there's no help for it, an' I promise not to take any. Well, I'll call up so on ——"

"Hould on," interrupted Murty, "yourself 'll want the garden an' 'two-acre' field, so keep thim, an' whatever seed you want you can get from me, an' we'll settle it again whin I'm payin' you the rint."

"I'm very thankful to you, Murty, so I am," said Matt humbly.

"As I haven't much 'help' myself, maybe yourself an' the lads could sow a few things for me in thim fields you were preparing this time twelve months. No one need know but 'tis for yourself you're doin' it, an' I'll pay ye for the labour."

"Hah!" said Matt with a show of anger. "Whin a man's down a foot is *bet* on him! Do you mane to say you'd make *spailpini* o' me an' my childre' because I'm down a bit in the world at present, Murty?"

"Look here, my good man," rejoined Murty, "if that's how you're lookin' at things, remember the bargain isn't made yet. Who'll know but ourselves that it isn't your own seed you're sowin'? I'm befrindin' you, so sind pride to the divil an' put a bit o' manliness into your heart. Afraid o' what the neighbours 'ud say an' think! Go now an' God speed you! Don't take a sup o' drink till you come back to me a-Thursday evenin'. Do your work like a Christian an' you'll be better able to talk whin you come."

After some more arguing:—

"By dad, but I will!" said Matt with determination. "Good-bye now an' thank you Murty. You'll see I'll keep my word."

"I'm trustin' in you fully, Matt," said Murty, and he resumed his work as the other went out at the little gate.

* * * * *

Matt Reardon went home in a rather curious state of mind. He was a bit mixed after that conversation with Murty Glynn, but whether it improved or made him any more contented he very much doubted.

Anyway he had pledged himself to a thing, and that he would not draw back from, and

Murty trusted him too. He went into his own yard, and taking a spade (rusty for want of work) that stood against the wall of the barn, he proceeded to the garden, where he set about preparing a place for cabbage seed. He had not entered the house, nor told his wife his intentions — in truth his chief aim now was to keep himself occupied with something so as to keep the idea of drinking in the background.

Mrs. Reardon, busy with household cares, such as they were, had not noticed his coming so when she glanced through the back window and beheld her husband at work for the first time in many months, she blessed herself and prayed that this might not be a passing fit of industry, but a lasting reform.

At "dinner-time" Matt came in and pulled his chair to the table. He said nothing during the meal, and when it was finished put a "coal in his pipe" and returned to his work in the garden.

When the children came from school, the eldest boy asked the usual question:

"Where is *he* gone to-day, mother?" (He never said "father" of late).

For reply his mother brought him to the window that he might see his father sober and hard-working for at least one day. The tears stood in the eyes of both, and the smaller children were gathered to where the little altar of the Blessed Virgin stood, and there they knelt and joined in simple prayer for their poor father.

The children had done whatever foddering there was, so, when Matt came in from work he had to content himself with "knocking about," as it were, to "look after things," and finally settled down to read an old newspaper by the fireside. Even this did not keep away the ever-recurring temptation, and after a little while he was merely pretending to read, for he felt a keen desire for "a drop o' drink." He was kept fully occupied in keeping this thought in restraint. At one moment he would have formed the intention of borrowing the necessary cash and have "one decent drink," when suddenly he remembered that his word was pledged to one who trusted him fully.

"I'm a bad man, so I am," he said to himself again and again, "if I can't keep from it to-morrow an' after, an' a bit o' Thursday."

That would finish the matter for the time being, but soon the craving would come on as strong as ever.

"*Muiseadh!* the devil himself must be in the drink, an' may the Lord strengthen me, for I'm wake!" he would say, and then the tempter would suggest, "Take one little sup, sure no one will know it, an' you needn't go far with it. One little sup will do no harm to anyone." But his word was pledged to not take as much "as would go in a midge's tooth," "an' I won't, with the help o' God — till Thursday at laste!" poor Matt would add to himself. So it went on — temptation,



"I'M A BAD MAN SO I AM," HE SAID TO HIMSELF AGAIN
AND AGAIN.

resistance, craving, temptation, resistance, till at last he tired of it all and, throwing the paper aside, he said:

“’Tis time for us all to say the Rosary, Mary.”

So they went and prayed.

On Tuesday, while Matt was at dinner, a parcel came from town addressed to Mrs. Reardon. “It had been ordered and paid for,” the carrier said.

“Was it you sint for the tea an’ sugar an’ things, Matt?” she asked.

Matt looked at them, blushed a little, and replied, “Go on now, Mary, isn’t it all equal whether I did or no?”

She was satisfied with the ambiguous reply; but he knew better, and realised that Murty was showing himself a sincerely practical friend.

“He doesn’t mean offence,” he added in his own mind, “an’ I know that. I’ll make him keep the price out o’ the rint, anyway.”

Thursday came and Matt rambled up to Murty’s. There were a few inside “at visit” so he sat among them awhile and smoked and talked with them.

“Matt,” said Murty after a time, “I have a cow outside that I’m thinkin’ o’ bringin’ to the fair. Maybe, as you’re a good judge, you’d come out an’ tell me what I’ll be expectin’ for her.”

Don’t be depindin’ too much on my judgment, but such as it is you’re welcome to it,” and Matt stood up.

As soon as they were outside, Murty asked:

"Well, you kept from it, Matt?"

"An' a hard job it was, Murty, I can tell you."

"Troth, I'm thinkin' it was no joke. Come over till we look at the cow."

When they were returning from the cowshed Murty began again:

"Well, Matt, before we complate that bargain about the land I must ax you to resign your position on the 'Boord.'"

"What? Is it resign the councillorship, Murty?" asked Matt.

"That's it exactly," said Murty.

"'Tis out o' the question, Murty; 'tis unnatural! What about the interests o' the community?"

"Interests be hanged," retorted Murty, "It must be done or the bargain is off."

"An' who'd take my place? Who's fit to represint the district, Murty?"

"Let thim get who they like; but faix, with all your big opinion o' yourself, you must rise out of it. "

It took some time to persuade Matt that the country could rub along without him. (Though every citizen should serve his country, not everyone need give public service). Finally however, he was persuaded, and with Murty, he went to the parlour to pen his "regrets that circumstances compelled him to resign his membership of their honoured Board," etc., etc., and when the two had

read it over about seven times it was closed, stamped, and addressed to the clerk of the Catharmore Union. Then Murty took upon himself the responsibility of posting the important document.

"That's done, an' well done," said Murty, as he put the letter in his pocket; "though I'm afeard Matt, we'll have another job with them; for as sure as eggs are eggs, an' that's mighty sure, thim comrades o' yours'll pass a grand 'russolution' regrettin' your notification, and beseechin' you to reconsider your decision for the 'honour an' glory of Ireland an' in the interest o' the Irish race at home an' abroad;' an' they'll ax you to return again to thim as the representative o' Clochfada; but for your life don't heed thim. If you feel wake whin that letter comes, an' come it will, ramble up here to me, an' I'll see they get an' answer."

"Well, now that 'tis written " said Matt, sadly, "I'm feelin' soart o' sorry that I'm resignin', but I won't draw back as I've put my name to it."

"Och, thin don't be a bit uneasy," said Murty. "Trust me for one year, an' if you don't think well o' *me*, thin you can go back to *thim*."

"Notwithstandin' my feelin's, I'm satisfied that you intend what's good for me, an' — an' — an' I'll stick to your advice if I'm able at all, with the help o' God."

When they were parting at the gate, Matt was about to mention the parcel that came from town, but Murty interrupted him.

"Don't mind that for the present. But, listen, this will be in our agreement, that if durin' the year you taste a drop o' drink I'll throw the land there to you, an' you may do your choice thing with it." And that was how the agreement was drawn up.

* * * * *

During the next couple of weeks Matt was living a new life—a kind of stay-at-home life. As he was not yet well grounded in sobriety he did not trust himself much abroad. He did not often go down even as far as Hogan's. He of course, did not enjoy this sort of life very much yet, for the continuous restraint was irksome. However, he managed to get along somehow. The fervent prayers of wives and children do a great deal, and so Matt Reardon kept sober. Murty was well informed as to the postman's visits to Reardon's, and was especially attentive after "boord-day." At last, on a Tuesday morning, he discovered that Matt had received a letter. He had no doubt but that it was the expected resolution, and was hourly expecting the recipient up for advice. Matt did not come, however. He must not have felt "wake" about replying was Murty's thought. But to make sure he strolled down to inquire.

"God save all here!" he said, as he entered Reardon's kitchen.

"An' you likewise!" Mrs. Reardon replied. "Ah, thin' you're heartily welcome, Murty, an' is it yourself that's in it? Sit down to the fire. Shove aside, Johneen" (to the second eldest), "and make room!"

She knew Murty's part in the reform of her husband, and was grateful.

"I won't be delayin', ma'am, thank you," said Murty. Then, in a half-whisper, "Where is himself?"

"He wint over to the parlour a while ago to write a letter. Sure, I'll call him out if you want to see him."

"I'll go in myself, ma'am, if you please," said Murty, and he tip-toed to the door, opened it gently, and went in. Matt's back was towards him, and so intent was he on the letter that he did not hear the other enter.

Murty looked over Matt's shoulder, not from curiosity or any dishonourable motive, but to see if his surmise was correct. The "Resolution" of the Council was spread out before Matt, who was carefully writing out the answer:

"Gentlemen, in reply to your generous resolution, I beg to state that I have reconsidered my position, and intend to retain my seat on your honourable Council ——"

"Well, well, well," said Murty, aloud, "but this is terrible!"

Matt nearly fell off the chair. Then when he saw who had spoken, his first impulse was to brazen the thing out, and tell Murty he was able to mind himself and his own business, but he recalled their agreement about the land, and how his word was pledged, and thought better of it.

"By dad! Murty," he said, with a forced laugh, "they sint me a thunderin' fine resolution, an' I couldn't refuse."

"Whethen! You *can* refuse, an' you will, too," said Murty with conviction.

"Now, Murty, before you commit yourself to that, read it. They tell me the interests o' the country requires me."

"Now, Matt, we all know there are fine, honest min on that board, and if there wasn't 'twould be a poor case. But, by my soukins! there are thim in it that you must keep away from! Stand by my word, as you said you would, for one year, an' if you find I'm leadin' you wrong, thin don't heed me any more."

After a time it was settled that another letter should be written to the Council, not so strong as Murty would like not yet so complimentary as Matt wished; it was a sort of compromise, and each had to be satisfied. Anyway, it suited its purpose — namely, severing Matt Reardon's connection with Catharmore District Council, — forthe present at least.

It was on this occasion that the agreement was signed between them. Thus Murty's tenancy depended on Matt's sobriety.

Neighbours, having little else to talk about, spoke of the friendship between these two men, and the great change that had taken place in the "ladin' man o' the parish." The "ladin' man" himself didn't seem to take any notice of their remarks. He now interfered very little, if at all, in public affairs, and was faithful to the promises he had undertaken. If a few mocked the "sober man" in Matt, what mattered it, since he knew, as Murty told him, that all men of sense (and perhaps the mockers too) really thought more highly of him now than ever before. So Matt was faithful.

The months passed. Christmas and the New Year were, to Matt's mind, "the regulation fence."

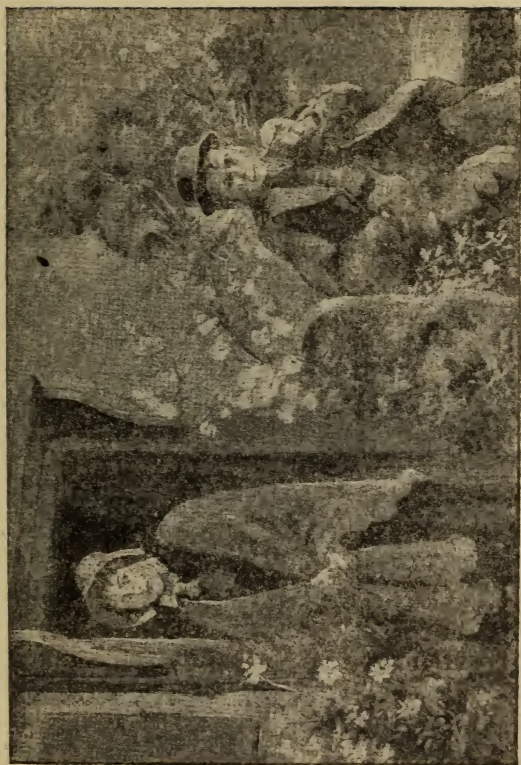
"'Twill be mighty hard to get over thim safe," was his frequent thought. "But please God I won't tumble!"

Possibly the consciousness of his weakness was his safeguard, for he took every precaution to keep the danger at arm's length. Even while yet it was early November, he was warning his wife not to even suggest to him the idea o' goin' to the shop to buy "the Christmas." And he would add, "let me not see as much as the cork of a bottle around the place. If I do, I'll, I'll — I'll do something!"

He got over both Christmas and New Year safely and soberly. It was the happiest Christmas time he had spent for many a year,

and he was prouder of himself for it than if he had earned ten thousand pounds in an hour. As soon as "the idle times" had gone by, he set about preparations for the Spring, and he felt in such a working humour that, as himself said: "He was within the blow of a wattle o' March before he knew where he was."

During all this time, if any business brought him from home, he always told "the Mrs." where he was going, and when to expect him back. He invariably returned at the time named, and he had kept his pledge faithfully. Now, however, as March approached and Murty's tenancy was expiring, his wife noticed a change coming over him. He began to show signs of uneasiness; going from one job to another, and often standing up from his work to think deeply on something or other. She never questioned him about what was troubling him, though she feared that now, as things were going so well with them, and as he no longer needed Murty to keep his land, he was about to return to his old companionship and drink. It was therefore with awful foreboding, that, one fine morning in the end of February, Mrs. Rear-don discovered, when she went to call her husband to breakfast, that he had gone, she knew not whither. It was market day in Catharmore, and she feared the worst. For advice and help she appealed to Murty.



SHE NEVER QUESTIONED HIM ABOUT WHAT WAS TROUBLING HIM.

"Well, ma'am," said Murty, when he had heard her story, "there's no harm done yet for all we know, an' we won't know till we see him."

In his heart he believed that Matt had fallen and was "stotered, mad drunk that minnit in some hole or corner." He promised however, to seek the delinquent and bring him back drunk or sober, so off he started on the side car.

In town he inquired at all Matt's old haunts, but could get no trace of him. "They didn't see a sight o' the dacint man this many a day, and more's the pity." So often was this idea repeated in the replies he got that Murty began to get hopeful, till the thought struck him that possibly Matt, to throw them off the scent, had gone to some other town, and was there foolishly spending his hard year's earnings. He was about to give up the search in Catharmore when he happened across a neighbour who had seen the object of his search hastening down Abbey Street "airly enough in the day.

Thither went Murty with all speed. As he was passing the church something suggested to him to go in and say a prayer. Going in at one side of the porch, to his surprise he beheld Matt coming out at the other, and the latter, not suspecting that anyone was listening, was speaking the thoughts that filled his mind:

"That's done, so it is, an' thank God for it! 'Twas worth comin' all the way for an' waitin' all the mornin' here. Och! But Father Peter is the grand man. He made a great job o' me. May the Lord reward him! 'Stand by God,' says he, 'an' God'll stand by you.' An' I will, with the help o' His holy grace."

He sprinkled himself copiously with holy water, and, going out the door, continued:

"The grace o' God be with me always. Amin. An' I must hurry home now or herself'll be uneasy; an' as for Murty"—and he laughed softly to himself, and was gone. Murty, hidden by the half-open door, had heard without being seen.

"God forgi' me for thinkin' bad o' you, Matt," he said when his friend went out; and then he too, entered the church.

* * * * *

Matt Reardon was footing it home as fast as he could when Murty overtook him.

"Hello! Matt, you're goin' home airly."

"An' I can say the same to you, Murty," said Matt. "You hadn't much business in town?"

"No thin,, I hadn't," said Murty. "But sit up an' we'll be gettin' along faster. Ay, faix, that's better. Troth, thin, Matt, to tell you the truth, such business as I had could do without me"—and he told about his suspicions and the search he had made—"an' sure," he concluded, "I axed God to

pardon me for judgin' you, Matt, an' I'm sure yourself won't think much the worse o' me?"

"Arrah, stop, man," said Matt. "I knew well ye'd suspect me, an' that's natural. But, ye'see, I was thinkin' this long time how much better I am without drink than with it, so I said to meself I'd make a soart o' big confession o' my life an' start fresh. I couldn't get myself to talk o' that to anyone, so I sloped away, unknownt, this mornin'. Faix, Murty, but I was thinkin' 'twould be a terrible hard job, but sure, Father Peter took me like you'd take a child, an' 'twas a pleasure to hear him settlin' everything for me, an' puttin' thim aside for ever. 'Now my dear son,' says he, 'you'll begin once more on a clean sheet o' paper. Every day o' your life'll be a line o' your handwritin', an' let us see,' says he, 'that whin you look back in a year's time there'll be neither blot not stain on it, an' that your 'i's' 'll be dotted and your 't's' crossed.' An,' Murty, I'm as happy as the day is long — troth, I am *so*!"

"Go on our that!" said Murty to the horse. He could say no more, and they were silent till they reached home.

"THE LONELY SENTINEL OF SLIEVE BAN".

I HAD been caught in the rain. The nearest house was Murty Glynn's, and I hastened to it.

"Good evenin,' Father," said Murty as I entered, "and you're heartily welcome! That's a very sudden change in the weather, glory be to God!"

"Good evening, Murty," I returned, "and thank you. That change is so sudden that I'm caught without overcoat or umbrella."

"Well, you have shelter anyhow, Father, for as long as ever you like. I'm glad, since it come at all, that it come on you here and drove you into my home?"

"You certainly pay me a nice compliment. —Ah! Good evening, Mrs. Glynn, and how are you?" Having seen my approach she had retired 'to do herself up' and now reentered the kitchen, a smile of true kindness lighting up her pleasant face.

"You're very welcome, indeed. Father!" she said as, with a most graceful courtesy, she took my hand. "I'm glad you didn't get much o' the rain. Won't you take a seat?" She wiped the chair with her apron and pushed it towards me. "They didn't come home from the meadow yet," she went on, alluding to the other members of the family; "they're all lindin' a hand to-day as

they expected to finish with the hay, but in troth, I'm afraid the wet overtook thim before they were finished. Sure Murty only come in a whileen ago to do the 'foderin.' But what am I doin?' You'll take a cup o' tay along with us, Father, an' I'll have the kittle singin' in a minute.—Run, Murty, an' bring in a can o' fresh wather."

Murty threw an overcoat loosely over his shoulders and took the can.

"'Tisn't hard to get it this evenin,'" he said as he went out the door.

My mild request that she should not trouble herself about me did not affect Mrs. Glynn. She seemed not to hear and certainly did not heed, for she trotted about the house, now putting great sods of turf on the fire, now spreading the snow white table cloth and arranging the tea things with care and taste.

"'Tis a terrible down pour," said Murty laying the can near the hearth, "'tis the same as if you were spillin' it out of a sieve."

As he was hanging his dripping hat and coat on a peg behind the door, a vivid flash of lightening dazzled us and a moment or two later a terrific peal of thunder rolled across the heavens. We blessed ourselves according to the good, old custom.

"May the Good Lord save us an' every one from all harm!" said Mrs. Glynn, "But that was terrible entirely."

"It was *so*," said Murty, "an' what harm but that unfortunate crature is above on the hill there in the height of it all. Maybe the thunder 'ud dhrive him home, though I'm thinkin' it won't for it's worse an' worse he's gettin' every day."

"God give him sinse, an' isn't it the quare notion he got into his head, Father?" said Mrs. Glynn.

"Of whom are you speaking, Mrs. Glynn?" I inquired, "who would be mad enough to remain under that rain without cause?"

"Sure ould Domnall Brady spinds every evenin' on that hill, Father," Murty answered for her. "But I forgot you're not long enough here yet to know Domnall. Come over here to the door till I show him to you.—That's Slieve Ban, the hill over there for-ninst us.—Now look at him an' he standin' on top o' the *coilleen* o' stones shadin' his eyes with his hand tryin' to get a glimpse o' the ocean. He'll get no glimpse of it now for 'tis a good few miles an' can only be seen on a clear day. But sure what does poor Donnall care? He'll stay there now till the sun sets takin' an odd course round to warm himself, and thin leanin' on his ould pike handle watchin' for what he never'll see. Towards night fall he'll go home an' sit by himself polishin' the rusty ould pike that belonged to his grandfather, an' he won't have candle nor lamp to light him, but only the flames o' the fire jumpin' up the chimney

an' makin' the shadows dance on the bare walls around him. Thin whin he gets tired o' that, he'll rest his elbows on his knees an' put his two hands together an' go dhramin,' away for hours. But come back from the door, Father, an' if you care to hear about Domnall, I'll tell you his story while you're takin the tay an' watin' for the rain to stop."

I expressed my great willingless and delight to listen, and then he told me the story.

I give it, as well as I remember it, in the quaint style of Murty himself:

"God be with ould times!" he began, "They wor hard times sure enough on some but they could be worse. Glory be to God that the hradest days are past and gone!—Domnall is an ould man now, Father, but there was a time in it an' he was as hardy a boy as you'd find in a day's walk. That was in the sixties "when his poor mother—God rest her soul! lived with him in the house he's livin' in now by himself over in Dùn-namblath. Sure thisside o' the parish wor as continted an' happy as the day is long, for ould Kevin O'Neill never pressed thim for the rint in bad years an' gave his tenants every fair play, an' signs in him, he had a funeral that ud reach from here to Tubber na Miasg.—But faix it wasn't so with the Heavney tinants! They had to pay up to the day, an' it was by great scrapin' entirely they ever managed to put the rint together.



DHRAMIN; DHRAMIN, BY HIS LONESOME FIRESIDE

Parkbeag was jist *outside* the demesne wall and didn't the ould divil take it into his head that it should be *inside* it. He said the land was too good for thim that had it, so he began transplantin' thim all over to the "Carraigeens" where there wasn't as much as would feed a snipe with any decency, let alone a village o' hungry Christians.

That was bad, but it could be worse, an' worse it soon was. In the new places they got the tinants couldn't pay a copper o' rint at all to Heavney, an' he started evictin' thim out of a face. They wor in despair, the creatures, but what could they do? They might as well be tryin' to stop the tide with a hay-fork as tryin' to move ould Heavney. He'd do what he liked with his own, an' he did.

One day it come to the eviction o' Tim Loftus. Poor Tim was put out of a nice tidy little farm an' sint up among the rocks. His ould heart was nearly crushed with the change and now he was broken entirely to see himself an' his only daughter without house or home of their own an' depindin' on others for a roof to cover thim. Mary Loftus was a fine handsome girl, she was so; an' it was small wonder that Domnall Brady had set his heart on her an' intended to make her his wife. When they wor put out o' their nice farm and sent to the "carraigeens" he seemed to think more than ever of Mary, but they wor in no hurry about the marriage,

for ould Tim was sort o' proud an' was afraid that if he had no fortune to give with Mary, people 'ud say it was out o' charity Domnall married her. So day by day it was put off, an' things wor gettin' darker an' darker, till at last, as I told you, Tim an' the daughter found themselves homeless on the roadside.

Domnall was lookin' on at the eviction an' there was such sorrow in his heart to see his Mary in trouble that in place o' goin' to help her, he got someway stupefied, an' stood there like a statue without as much as a stir out o' him. And whin frinds o' the Loftuses brought the father an' daughter away with thim, Donnall still stood there watchin' the fire eatin' away the little cabin that a while before was her home. Whin the crowd was movin' off, he saw the land agent over from him, an' at once he got life an' movement. He rushed over at him an' only for a few o' the neighbours caught him in time tisen't known what might happen. Though they could stop himself they couldn't stop his tongue an' he said things about the agent an' landlord that a wise man should not say. Sure there wore many there that took notice o' his words an' they wor no frinds o' the poor man, an' faix, wild talk could do a lot o' harm in thim days.

A few weeks later George Heavney was comin' home from the hunt an' jist as he was passin' the turn above his own "grand-gate" two bullets come whizzin' out to him from

behind the wall. They didn't hit him —, I'm thinkin' 'tis few o' thim boys ever intinded to kill anyone — an' George come home safe, but he got a fright that didn't serve him nor thim that it was meant to serve.

"I'll have satisfaction out o' someone," says he, an' off he sent for police an' put them scourin' the country for arms an' such. He suspected Domnall Brady, though he wasn't a tinant o' his at all, but he remimbered what he said to the agent the day Tim Loftus was evicted. Sure the boy was as innocent o' firin' the shots as a weeney babbie but he had to prove that yet. The police went up to search his house an' arrest himself on suspicion, When they went in, Domnall was restin' himself after the day, and his mother was by the fireside sittin' on an ould box. Och! sure, 'tis Domnall that was fond o' *that* mother! He wouldn't be out at night from the house for the whole world, but would stay within to keep her company. She was ould the crature an' deaf an' stupid, an' he'd be afraid anything would happen her while he'd be away, except he'd get Bridgid Carrol or someone to stay with her. When he saw the police comin' in, he knew there was trouble in store for him, but, in troth, 'twasn't of himself he was thinking, but of his mother. She'd miss him sorely, if he had to go with the peelers. There was no fear, but the neigh-

bours would take good care of her, but sure, they would not take the cold sorrow out of her ould heart,

In kem the police, told their business an' read their warrant.

"Well," said Domnall, "I suppose there's no help for it, but 'tis a hard case. How will I be able to explain it to that crature by the fireside? She doesn't understand what's goin' on around her."

"You can try to drive it into her head while we're searchin' the house," said the sergeant roughly.

Domnall gave a look at him but said nothing. He kept sittin' on the edge o' the table with his chin on his hands an' he lookin' mournfully at the ould woman. She didn't heed what was happenin' at all; I doubt if she knew there wor strangers in the house, or that there was any danger hangin' over her only son.

One policeman stood beside him while the others searched high and low, within an' without, but they found nothing of any harm. They took down the delf o' the dresser in the kitchen an' turned the bit o' furniture o' the rooms upside down but nayther gun nor powder nor shot was to be got.

"Nothing to be seen here," says a big burly fellow, "he'stoo knowin' for us, an' has no incriminatin circumstance, or otherwise, about the place."

"Hould hard a minute!" says the sergeant, "Did you search that box the ould woman is sittin' on?—Search that Flanagan! These lads are damn knowin'!"

"Aisy done, sir," says Flanagan, with a laugh, "Aisy done," An' he gave the end o' the box a kick; maybe 'twas by way of a joke an' maybe it wasn't I don't know, but anyway the boords scattered an' poor Cait Brady was sprawlin' on the floore. That was more than Domnall could stand an' he would be no man, if he didn't do what he did, Father. He stood up o' one leap, an' he struck that policeman betune the two eyes, an' the cowardly divil fell down like a stump of a stick. Before the poor boy could lift his mother, the sergeant was a-top o' him, an' thin the other constables jumped on him; Domnall played "nine-pins" with thim all for a while, an' struck thim, an' lashed thim, an' kicked thim around the house. But it was an unequal fight, an' they overcame, him in the ind, an' marched him out. He looked back as they dragged him from the doore an' he saw his poor mother tryin' to rise from the ground, an' as he looked she fell agin, an' began to cry an' rub her poor ould wrist for someone stood on it in the tussle. There was a tightenin' at his heart, an' the blood rushed to his head an' all a son's love an' veneration for a kind an' good mother came on him at once. He struggled to go back to her but they held him tight an'

hurried him off; an' he wint down the *boith-rin* with a load o' crushin' sorrow on him, an' the bitter tears blindin' him that didn't lave him able to raise his head nor spake a word.

Well, Father, to make a long story short he was brought before the magistrates, and remanded to the Assizes without bail. At the Assizes, for want of evidence, he was acquitted, o' the charge o' shootin' but, sure, the poor fellow got six months "for assaultin' the police in the discharge o' their duty!"

Thim wor the six long, hard, weary months on him, for as 'twas seldom any of us had business in town where the jail was, so Domnall only heard from home a couple o' times in the beginnin'. Thim wor the six long weary months on him to be sure! If we had the good news to tell him always, we'd spare no trouble to let him have it, but sure there wor the dark clouds o' misfortune comin' on, an' no one had the heart to be the bearer of ill tidin's.

"Misfortunes never come alone" as the ould sayin' is, an' 'tis time enough Domnall would know what the second one was. He was miserable enough as he was without addin' to his troubles.

The months passed by somehow; an' one day as I was walkin' down the road, who should be comin' across the fields from the direction of his own house, but Domnall? Well, Father, I was a great frind o' his, an'

still an' all, if I could convainyiently do it, I'd avoid meetin' him that time at laste; but he saw me an' called me over to him an' came towards me.

I wint to meet him too, an' welcomed him home as best I could. He was very tired an' sad lookin', an' I wondered did he know it already. He stared at me for a *whileen* as though expectin' me to spake agin, an' two or three times his own lips moved, but not a word came. At last he took courage an' axed me about *her*.

"Tell me, Murty" says he, stoppin' between every two words, "Tell me, Murty, what's the meanin' of it? I wint over to the house whin I came an' I found the door locked before me. I broke the lock an' wint in an' *she* wasn't in it, an' the hearth was cold an' the place was untidy an' neglected an' silent. Oh! Murty, for God's sake! what's the meanin' of it at all, at all?"

"Domnall, *a mhiurnin!*" says I, "'Twas bad enough you to be in jail without makin' it harder on you. If I thought it better for you, I'd have gone in head straight an' told you. Sure, Domnall, I left you in ignorance for your own sake. God's holy Will be done.

"Ah! thin" says poor Domnall in a broken hearted sort of way, "She's gone!" An' not a word more out of him. Nayther praise nor blame had he for me.

"She's gone!" says I "an' may the Good Lord comfort her son, an' give her rest an' happiness!"

He turned from me with the big tears runnin' down his manly face, a sorrowful look in his eyes, an' he walked away. 'Twas the great love for his poor mother that was on him an' she was dead an' gone from him. Whin he was a bit away from me he stood an' come back agin to where myself was standin' watchin' him.

"Murty," says he "I forgot in my sorrow to thank you for doin' what you thought was best. But I'd rather have known it before I came home."

"An' you would know it too, Domnall," says I, "if I knew the day you wor comin,' for I intended to go in to the town to meet you, an' break it to you."

"Sure 'tis the kindness I'd expect from you" says he, "but it can't be helped now. I have something else to ax you, Murty; would you tell Mary that I'm not feelin' able to see her, an' spake to her yet awhile, an' tell her to be patient with me till the first o' this storm is over. I'll go up to see her myself whin I'm well enough to do it, an' sure she knows how I must feel an' will respect my wishes. It isn't want o' frindship that's keepin' me an' she'll understand that too."

"That I'll do an' welcome, Domnall," says I," Maybe the great sorrow will soon wear off o' you an' you'll be cheerful enough in a couple o' weeks. *She's* better off where she's gone, Domnall, so don't be too down-hearted."

He shook his head sadly, an' wint away agin from me, an' thin he crossed the stile an' over with him by Ned Brogan's callows towards the graveyard where his mother rested,— I heard a lot o' this afterwards, sir,— an' he knelt on her grave, an' said his rosary for her. 'Twas meself that found him there, an' brought him with me from the place. He wouldn't let me go beyond the chapel with him; an' so I came home, an' he wint off to his own cold, comfortless house, an' started at once to tidy it, an' put things into some shape; sure we'd have it ready an' all before him but we thought he'd stay with one o' the neighbours for a few days but he would have his own way. "I'll sleep in my own little house." says he,— an' so he did.

Next day he started to work on his little holdin' o' land;— we had the crops sown for him while he was in jail,— an' thin he kept by himself all day an' didn't come near any of us. From that day forward his first act o' the mornin' ud be to go over to Killenda an' visit his mother's grave. He began to live a silent lonely life, an' no matter if we told him forty times a day to cheer up, he'd pay us no heed. He was uneasy like an' the tratement he got in jail along with the death o' his mother must have upset his mind some way for whin any of his ould companions wint to him, he's lave them, an' run off by himself at the first chance, he got.

Well, we all got out o' troublin him in the ind an' let him have his own way till such time, as we thought he'd be himself again. But, sure, *a mhuirnin o'!* he was gettin' stranger an' stranger every day. Mary Loftus, the one girl in the whole world he ever cared for, was livin' with her uncle, Martin Cunain, beyant in Tubber na miasg an' she met Domnall every evenin' whin she'd be comin' from milkin' the cows; but sure, an' ever he would only look at her an' pass on. That same itself he wouldn't do later on; he'd go his own way an' wouldn't look at the side o' the road she'd be on. You'd think by his action she was a stranger he never before laid eyes on. An' even whin ould Tim Loftus died — God rest his sowl! — Domnall didn't go next or nigh the "corpse house" nor the funeral but to work with him, mindin' no one, carin' for no one, slobberin' away on that bit o' land he has an' payin' the daily visit to his mother's grave.

He was goin' on in this kind of a way for a fair while, an' breakin' poor Mary Loftus's heart, for the crature thought 'tis vexed with herself he was, an' she didn't know for what; but myself saw well enough that he was quare in the head an' may be if she was out o' sight for a time 'twould do either o' thim no harm. I tould her that as kindly as I could, an' she was cryin' an' cryin' till I thought the eyes ud melt out o' her head. But she took my advice as well by what I

put to her, as that she didn't like somehow to be depindin' too long on the uncle. So off with the poor girleen to America to earn her livin' an' 'twas a hard thing that she had to go out to the wide, wide world all alone, an' knowin' nothin' o' it but what she learned at the market in Gork or Athenry, God help us, Father, an' sure that wasn't much! She never profitted on the side beyant; she lost her health with hard work, an' thin with strugglin' an' strivin not to give in she lost it worse an' worse. At last she could stand it no longer an' she came home to us weary, an' tired, an' spint an' broken in health an' body.

Domnall was the same as she left him, a stranger to everyone an' everyone a stranger to him. But Mary usedn't to meet him this turn an' she comin' from the milkin', for she wasn't able to do anything. She was laid up as soon as she come home, an' in a fortnight from landin' she was cold, an' dead.

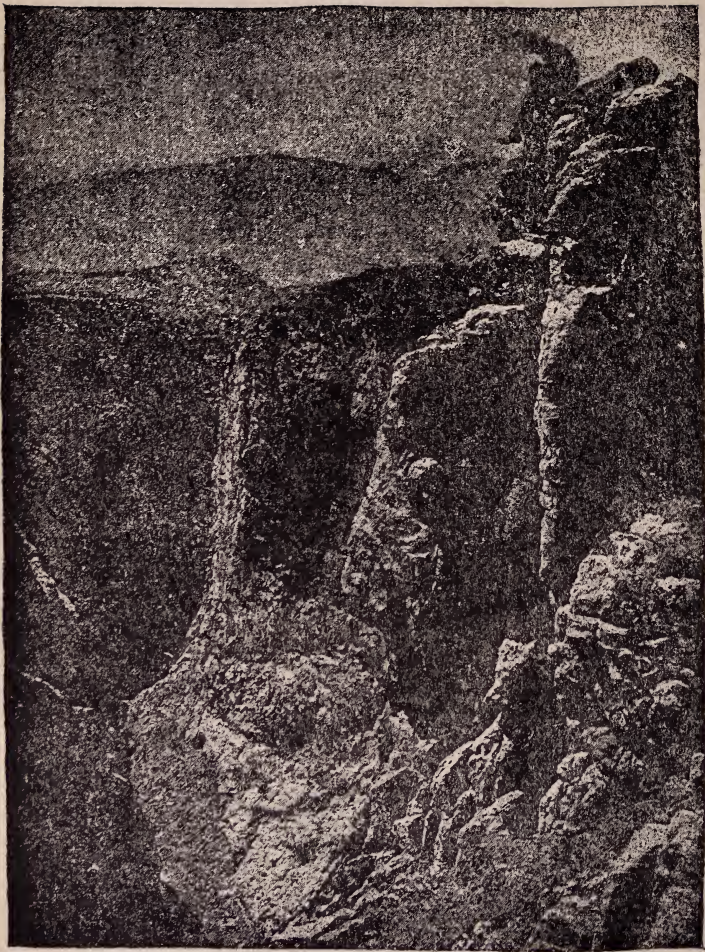
We wor all above at the wake, whin who walks in to us but Domnall? Without a word to anyone, he wint to the doore o' the room where she was "laid out," an' kneelin' down accordin' to custom, said a prayer. In with him thin an' down he sits among the people there. He didn't spake a word to anyone for a long, long time, but kept starin' and starin' at the corpse. In the ind of an hur or so he turns to Matt Reardon that was sittin' next him an' says:

"'Tis very like Mary Loftus that's in it!"

"Sure, Domnall," says Matt," it is poor Mary!"

Domnall didn't say another word but kept on lookin' at her till mornin', now an' agin wrinkl'n' his forehead as if tryin' to remimber something. By degrees the people left an' wint home, an' whin the darkness was risin' there wor very few there. Domnall still remained, however, an' just as day was breakin' from the East, an' the light was comin' in, he got up, wint over to the bedside, an' looked at her face, an' thin, he gintly stroked her brown hair, an' kissed her white forehead, with the tears in his eyes.

Well an' good we buried her. Domnall was at the funeral, but he stood away by himself an' didn't say as much as "yis" "ay" or "no" to man woman or child. But I'm thinkin', he remimbered his old love for poor Mary an' missed her too, for he got worse, an' shortly after this he'd talk to one of us an odd time about the strange visions he used to have in the winter evenin's, whin he'd be sittin' by the turf-fire an' dancin' flames ud make the shadows on the wall leap around him. The visions wor strange things. He used to talk o' "golden ships comin' from where the sun goes down behind the sea; golden ships bearin' treasures an' stores to Eire an' bringin' happiness an' contentmint to us all." An' thin he began to go up



"HE STAYS THERE TILL THE SUN HAS GONE TO REST AN'
THIN HE COMES DOWN."

on Croc Riabhach to watch for thim comin', an' now he brings that ould pike that was his grandfather's an' he is the lonely sentinel o' that hill lookin' for golden ships that never'll come. He is, as himself says, the first that will greet thim on the shore an' he is to call us all to welcome thim. Hail, rain or snow, he's up there in the evenin's, an' he stays there till the sun is gone to rest an' thin he comes down, disappointed for that day but hopin' as strong as ever in the morrow. He's strange, Father, very strange, an' more's the pity! Domnall Brady is ould now, but there was a time in it, an' he was the finest an' best-humoured man in the parish, or in the next parish to it. He was the best hurler I ever seen to hit a puck on a ball!"

* * * * *

The rain had long since ceased, and the road, cut through the lime-stone hills was again white and smooth. The dust was not yet quite dry and the breeze that still blew from the sea could not whirl it about. I walked across the little bridge and turned in under the trees that arched the road. At the entrance to the wood a man came over the wall a little distance in front of me. His face as far as I could make out in the fading twilight was thin and pale, and from his wet clinging clothes the water dropped to the roadway; his white hair, came down over his brows and his long beard fell in wet tongues to his breast. He leant for a moment

on his pike-handle and watched me closely.

As I passed him I heard him mutter in Irish: "They will come from where the sun goes down into the sea; and I'll watch and wait for them for I know they will come!"

He walked on into the shadows behind me and I saw him no more. He had defended his poor mother, and this was what the law made of him for it!

"ANOTHER TALK WITH THE AUTHOR

A LOT of new movement and life came into Fr. O'Hara since he had given me the bundle of "Glimpses." He paid three visits to my place for every once I went to Clochfada, and as he usually walked the four miles, it might have been the exercise that made him of late so bright and cheerful.

"Don't you think you are a bit too severe on some people in this?" I asked him on one of these occasions, and I indicated the manuscripts that rested on my knees.

"No one can be too severe on a man who puts politics, conceit and paltry pandering for fulsome flattery before the precious duties of a father!" he replied with more energy than I thought him capable of.

"Well that may be true: I said, 'but still we have not many of Fardy's Hilliard's class around here.'"

"One would be too many." he remarked. "In Ireland, however it is, we are too much awed of popular acclaim. Our people create a great man, and then follow him blindly till one whom they think a greater does a turn or two on the stage. We worship 'Greatness' and allow ourselves to be talked and orated out of reason; and, leaving all our thinking to others forget that the inaction begot of want of reflection is even a greater

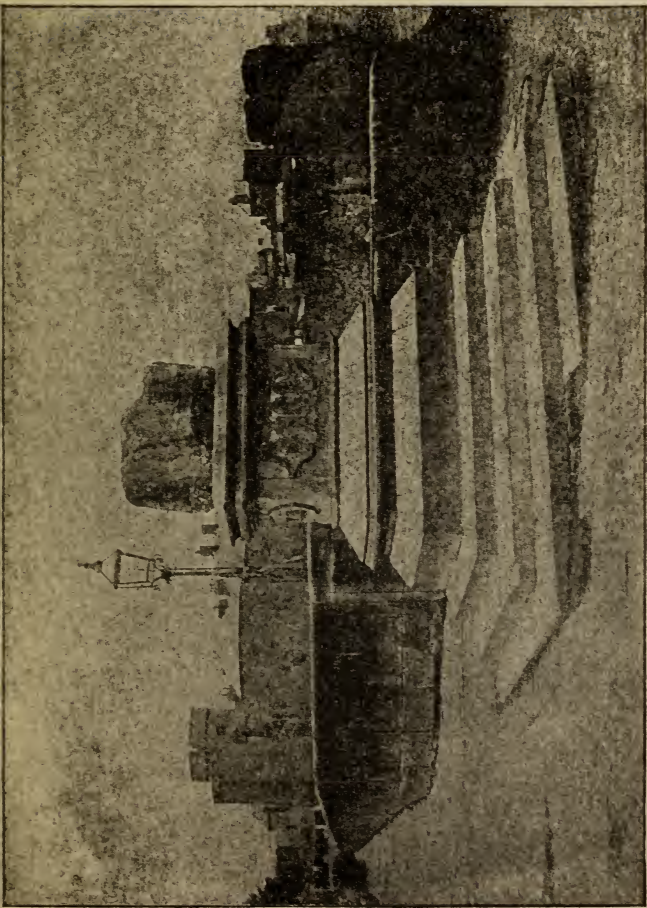
evil than any of those that are continually kept before us."

"I wonder what political creed you hold?" I murmured.

"The good points of any political scheme for my country's good, receive my support," was his reply. "Thus the Parliamentary Party receives it, except in so far as it puts trust in English Statesmen. We have been too often duped to any longer place trust there. I follow *Sinn Fein* in its support of Irish Manufacture, but cry halt at its castle building. Both are working for Ireland; each has good points, and, like everything human, each has faults. Now do you know my political creed?"

"I must have time to consider," I laughingly replied. "But how about the Gaelic League? How far do you go with it?"

"The whole way," he returned briskly, "the whole way with all my heart. I did not mention it, because I understood you to inquire about my political creed, and, of course, the Gaelic League is not political,—it does not concern itself with the nation's body, at least not directly, but with the soul and spirit of nationhood. When the Irish language goes," and I felt as if his heart and not his lips spoke. "When the Irish language goes, and may God forbid such a calamity, the spirit will have vanished and Ireland as a nation will be dead!!"



"WE HAVE BEEN DUPED TOO OFTEN TO ANY LONGER PLACE TRUST THERE,"
[SAID FR. O'HARA. (I WONDER WAS HE THINKING OF LIMERICK?)

I watched him for a long time, as deep in thought he rested his elbow on the table and gazed through the window towards where Slieve Bán clasped to her bosom the ivied ruins of an ancient Irish University.

"If," he at last said, "the crime of murder calls to Heaven for vengeance, don't you think an awful account will be exacted of those who murder a nation, or, (for it is the same thing), who, having the power, will not act at once in concert to prevent a nation's decay?"

"And who are they?" I wanted to make sure of his meaning.

"Ah! Well," he sighed, "*we* know!"

Fr. O'Hara shifted his position and let his eyes again rest on the Manuscript.

"But to return to your original point," he said, "in regard to my severity on some people, you singled out Fardy Hilliard. Now what about the "mimbers" and the publican? I want to make myself clear with you. I do not mean these to be types, but such as I describe happen to exist and I know them. If there is only one or two such members of parliament, or one or two such publicans, there is one or two too many. I realize that there are worthy, self sacrificing Members, worthy Co. Councillors, worthy District Councillors and publicans and so on, but necessarily in every large community, unworthy persons crawl or leap into influential positions. These and these only do I attempt to criticise."

That ended the matter.

"A GREAT SPAKER."*

WETHEN! Good evenin', ma'am, an' how is all your care?"

"Good evenin' kindly, Mr. Reardon, an' they're all well, thanks be to God."

"I'm glad o' that, so I am, ma'am; an' is himself at home?"

"He is, thin. He wint in awhile ago to 'ready' himself for the wake."

"I was thinkin' he'd be goin', and so I rambled up, so I did, the ways we would go and come together, as I want to be home airly, an' I'm sure Murty won't delay."

"Troth an' 'tis thrue for you, Matt, I will not delay," said Murty himself, fixing the collar of his coat as he came through the door. "I would scarcely go at all, but out o' respect for that fine boy of a son he has—an' a fine boy he is too, God bless him, an' keep him so! Nothing could make me have any respect for the father, though, no matter what change come over him."

"Well, Murty, the son'll never be the great spaker his father was, Lord ha' mercy on him! an' he *was* a great spaker — no mistake."

"Great spaker! great spaker!! Fine talk is wind — nothing more, Matt. Great spaker!"

Go bhfoiridh Dia orrainn!"

There can be no idea given of the sarcasm with which Murty spoke.

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"Troth, Murty, you're very hard on him, an' on everyone not o' your own way o' thinkin'," said Matt. sorrowfully.

"Bad luck from it for a story, Matt, that's not thrue. Maybe he was a great spaker, but he was a bad father in the 'invarse rashio,' as Gleasawn, the schoolmaster, used to say, an' I can never have any respect for a bad father, Matt, when he's a man that broke out late in life as Fardy did, an' was brought up as he was."

"Somehow or other," said Matt scratching his head, "I can only remimber him as a fine talker, an' he was that, so he was, by all accounts, an' to me own knowledge. 'Twas given up to him that there was no bate o' him on the platform."

"An' he may thank that for bein' where he is, Matt," was Murty's unfeeling remark. "

"You're terrible hard on him altogether, Murty. Do you remimber the first great speech he made at Bandara, tin years ago?"

"Ah, thin! I do, well," said Murty, "an' thin and now I say there was no 'call' for that meetin'. The tinants wor gettin' a fair set-temint, and thim that took it wor right. Father O'Dwyer thought the same thing, and told them so, and signs on he wasn't there. Nayther was I, Matt; but you wor in the chair, an' the divil a great things that's to boast of, a-nayther!"

Matt was silent, and they walked on.

* * * * *

About three miles beyond Clochfada were the "cross-roads" of Bandara, and at the "cross-roads" was Tim Brady's public house. Tim was a "Ladin' man" in his own place, but he managed always to look after No. 1. He minded his own business first and best, and then "concerned himself in the inther-esthts o' the community at large." He was considered a most enlightened man as well, for he got the daily paper, and he knew what they were doing in all the foreign parts. And for the good of the locality, he sold a couple of the Dublin weeklies, as well as the *Ballyoran Watchman*, a great national organ filled with fine speeches, "demonstrathions," district councils and petty sessions, and with crossed pikes and sunbursts, and harps and such like, scattered all over its eight ill-printed pages. On Saturdays the papers were brought from Ballyoran to Tim's by the "bread-van," the owner of which was only too glad to be able to oblige his customers without extra expense to himself; and on Saturday evenings the local lights gathered in to get the news and discuss the great questions of the hour. There would be a special gathering if it was expected Mr. Hilliard's latest oration was on, for Fardy was a neighbour, and was known through the whole countryside as "a greatspakeran' no misthake." That was on Saturday night, however. On ordinary week nights only the regular customers turned in, and these came as a matter

of business, for they imagined nothing could get along, even in a fair way, unless they examined it from every view-point in Tim Brady's public-house, and that to do this properly, matters should be discussed every night to the accompaniment of "pints" or "half-wans," according to tastes. The only variety in the programme was that in the fine summer evenings the actors in this senseless drama sat on the empty porter barrels at the gable, going in now and again for a "wet;" but invariably, they went home with thickened tongues and unsteady steps — it was their idea of work for Ireland! and so they spent the time.

Fardy Hilliard, during his drinking bouts (which, by the way, lasted ten or eleven months of the year) was there every night without fail. He was a better-class farmer, fairly well educated, intelligent enough, but, unfortunately for himself, he had got the reputation of being "a great spaker — no mistake."

This was how it happened. Ten years before our story opens a dispute about the payment of arrears of rent arose on the Hearn-Baxter property. Some of the tenants, knowing the landlord to be an exception to his class, were for meeting him and talking the matter over fairly with him. Others, prompted from outside — or perhaps, from inside Tim Brady's "pub" — hung on to the cry *no rack-rints*, and would agree to nothing

but "fight it out." Thus a division was caused and the result was that some refused to pay any rent at all, while others paid "two years' rint an' the hangin' gale, an' got a clear resate for all arares;" these latter were then and there declared "renaguers to their counthry, an' vipers in the land, to be spurned and despised by every thried an' thrue man."

A "Monsther *Demonstration*" was held in Bandara. Five M. P.'s were invited, and two promised to attend. The parish priest considering that there was not sufficient cause for the meeting, was not present, and our old friend, Matt Reardon, not then the steady man we lately saw him, was, "in the unavoidable absince o' our respected pasthor," moved to the chair amidst tremendous applause. Mr. Haverly, M. P., had arrived the previous evening, but unfortunately, the other member missed a train connection and was not to be expected till the afternoon.

The meeting had been postponed for over an hour for him, and at last, in spite of Tim Brady's opposition, it was decided to proceed. Tim, who was looking to No. 1, for the "dancint man" saw that the longer the delay the more knuckles would be rattling on his counter and the more coppers would "herself" be raking into the till.

Mr. Matt Reardon was moved to the "cheäh" by Mr. Haverly, M. P., seconded

by Mr. James Horley, P.L.G. Matt was beaming.

"Put into the chair, so I am, by a rale M. P.!" were his thoughts, "But what on airth am I to do now that I'm in it?" And he drew his hand across his heated brow. He had lots of time to make up his mind, as the thunders of applause lasted for several minutes.

At length they began to get calm. A few here and there caused a little disturbance by calling others to order.

"Whist! let ye there, an' give the dacint man a chance!"

"Bravo! Matt, an' ye'r heartily welkim!"

"Hould yer nise there; don't ye hear him thryin' to spake?"

"Go an, Mr. Reardon, yer' as good as the besht o' thim!"

"Ordher there, ordher, ordher!"

"Three cheers for Ireland, while I——!"

But that poor fellow never completed the sentence. Somebody's elbow came in contact with his mouth, and his "nationality" ended in a weird moan.

Matt waited no longer, but began:

"Fellow-Counthrymin from Bandara, Clochfada, Bailenahown an' surroundin' districts assimbled in yer thousands (Hear, hear, bedad!) here to-day, I'm here, so I am——"

A voice — "Y'are so!"

Matt — "So I am, a man o' the people

(cheers) for me father was a paysant, an' me mother was a paysant, an' bedad! but I'm a paysant meself!" (Prolonged cheers).

A voice—"Long life to ye there above!" (Cheers).

Matt—"Didn't I suffer in that Bashtile in Kilmainham for me convictions? I did so, an' I'm ready to undergo the same again, so I am! (Cheers). I'm thankful to ye, me frinds and counthrymin, for axin, me to pre-side at this vast assimbley. (Yer' welkim).

Thus Matt went on, and became even more eloquent as he warmed into his work. In conclusion he hoped "the day was not far distant whin the green flag would be flyin' from every home in Ireland an' whin they'd have their parliamint in College Green, and Ireland ud be a free counthry for a free people."

So far Mr. Harry Weltham, M. P., the expected orator, had not come. The meeting would not be complete without him. Everyone felt that. He was the man that would address *four-fifths* of his remarks to the "peelers", "an' wasn't a bit afeard o' them a-nayther," as Tim Brady often said. Mr. Weltham, too, when he had made some vague wild, heroic reference to the "rising of the moon," or the like, would turn to the police note-taker and invite him "to take down *that* and report it to his masters, the minions of tyranny in the dismal offices of Dublin Castle." And the open-mouthed audience

would open their mouths still wider, and in admiration of such bravery, give such a cheer as would terrify the principals as well as "the agents of tyranny" had they but heard it.

No doubt about it the meeting would not be a success without Mr. Harry Weltham, M. P.! Everyone hoped he would drive up at any moment. Tim Brady, with an eye to No. 1, besought them to adjourn for luncheon, and that as soon as Mr. Weltham came, the meeting could be continued. Matt saw the point of the remark well enough, but with all his faults, he was, as indeed were the vast majority of his colleagues, thoroughly upright and sincere according to his lights, and so was resolved to go on with the meeting however the gap was to be filled. Somebody suggested that they should get "another local spaker to give them a speech an' kill the time till the mimber kem."

Here is where Fardy Hilliard comes in. He had the name of being a "smart chap, who had a power o' big rocks o' words," and though he had never yet spoken from a public platform, it was whispered round with sundry head-shakes, nods and nudges, that he was the only man they could depend on.

Fardy, after much demurring, at last consented "to say a few words," as himself said, and as soon as Mr. Haverly — who had very obligingly continued to talk whilst all this was being arranged — got a hint from the

chairman: "Ye can whisht now, sir, any minit y'like," the aforesaid Mr. Haverly got into a muddle. He lost the thread of his discourse and could not finish with any show of sense. He was truly miserable when a happy thought struck him. He gave one glorious screech for liberty and Ireland, and that was enough! A voice cried:

"Musha! glory on ye there!" and there was a roar of applause that shook the very porter barrels that supported the platform, and Mr. Haverly bowed and stood aside to listen to the long-continued plaudits of a delighted multitude and receive the congratulations of his friends.

When the applause at length died away, Matt Reardon announced:

"Fellow-counthrymin — (Hear, hear) — it is a pleasure to me, so it is, to introduce me frind, Mr. Fardy Hilliard, a dacint man, and so was his father before him —"

A voice—"Divil a dacinter in Ireland ground!"

Matt—"So he was, an' his son'll spake to ye now, an' there's no man'll give ye advice so fearlessly an' so bravely as me frind, Mr. Fardy Hilliard!"

A voice — Kind father for him to be good. (Cheers).

Another voice — Ye're heartily welkim, sir."

Fardy Hilliard came forward, and when the cheers of greeting died away, began his

first public speech. He was a fine type of better class Irish farmer, tall and well proportioned, with a fair open face, altogether of an appearance that would impress one.

Why was he there? Murty Glynn would not go to this meeting because he could not see justice in the proceeding, he asserted the Parish Priest was absent for the same reason, and yet they were both excellent Irishmen. It must have been that Fardy did not consider matters deeply, he had seen so many glaring injustices on the part of the landlord class, that, given the opportunity however it came, he was ready and anxious to show that his sympathy was always with the tenant. He had long since ceased to weigh the justice of the cause. If landlord and tenant had a difference then the landlord was wrong and the tenant right, and Fardy was for the tenant. Most probably Fardy's presence is thus explained. If he and many of his sort had learned to think, and were not carried away by impulse and the enthusiasm of the moment, our country's history for the past couple of decades might be very different from what it is.

Fardy's maiden speech was a great success unfortunately for Fardy. He spoke for nearly a full hour, first very sensibly and to the point, but, towards the middle, he somehow got switched on to the old, well known, highly polished track of sunbursts resplendent—shamrocked hills and plains of Ireland—the

culmination and solidification of the cause of freedom, and fraternal mutuality, and so on and on, till, finally, he threatened to smash the doors of prisons, gaols and dungeons — to sweep Dublin Castle and its nefarious system into the sea; and then Fardy Hilliard gave a yell that knocked the helmet off the head and the colour out of the face of the boyish district-inspector who was there in command of "the force," he warned all and sundry that the inevitable "no far distant date" will see peelers, soldiers, and Government agents "as scarce in Ireland as clover in Pollnameadog, where never clover grew." There were cheers and cheers and cheers. Fardy had been a great success. Everybody said so.

"The finest piece of talk I ever heard", whispered the enraptured Matt, "an' I'm leshenin' to spakers for twinty-five years, so I am. Mr. Whatever-his-name-is sint a wire that he couldn't get a horse in Ballyoran to bring him other (hither.) They're all at the meetin' here, I suppose, but he may stay where he is now for all I care, for you finished the day as good as his best. We can wind up the proceedin' now, so we can, without disappointment to man or mortal."

And so they did.

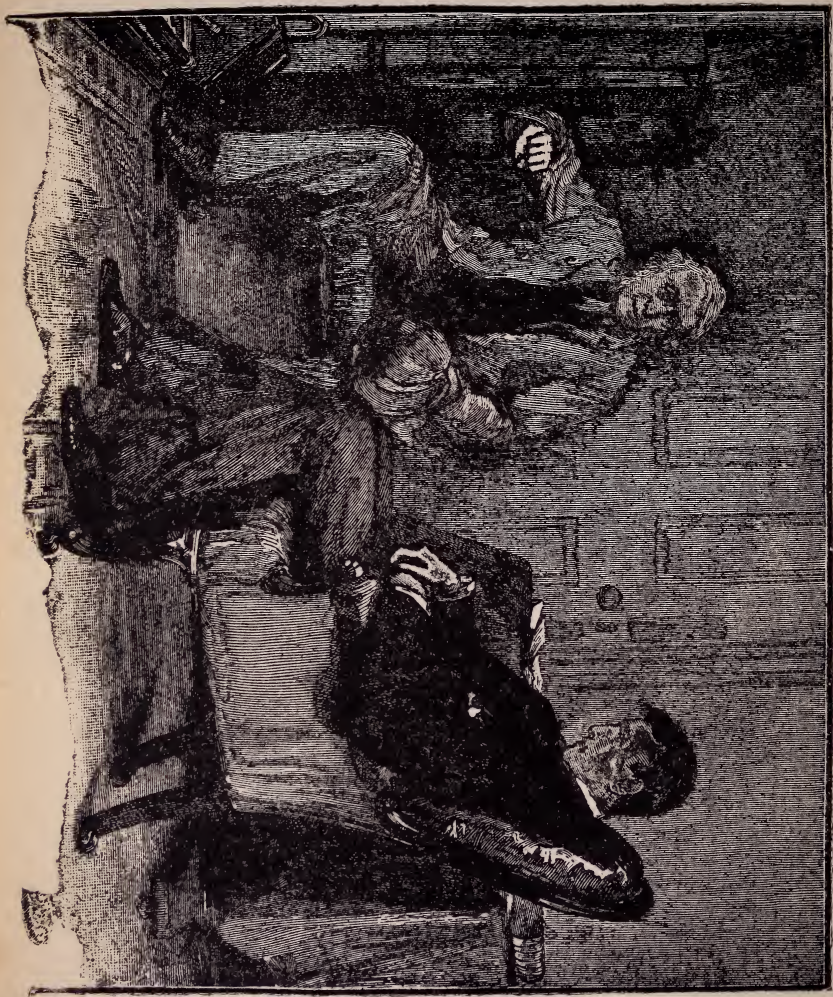
An adjournment to Tim Brady's for as many as could get in at a time: then a few hours' moping about the roads till late in the evening and contingent after contingent started

for home. Many, alas, far from, being sober, and all more or less disorderly, straggled, argued, shouted till every village round Bاندara received back the patriots, and women and children listened in awe to the story of "the great day's work done for Ireland(?)"

Fardy's downward course had begun. He was elated by his success. From all sides he heard that he was "a great spaker an' no mishtake," and he believed it. Time after time he stood drinks "all round", and as he took "a drop" himself every time he stood drinks, he went home to his young family in such a state as he had never been in before. Poor Fardy!

Henceforward neither "monsther demonstration" nor meeting of any sort was complete without him. His name was among the "spakers" on the posters, his speech would be mentioned in the Dublin dailies — as much as some M. P.'s get — and a full report and a leaderette given in the *Ballyoran Watchman*. Fardy's head was turned with it all. If he went to work in the field he found himself standing idly on the "ridge" leaning on his spade handle and dreaming of some great speech he would make in the near future. Do his best he could not work. Besides, though he refused to present himself for election as a County Councillor or D. C.— he must have thought it beneath him to be elected in the ordinary way — yet he consented to be co-opted on both. Later he

DICK BORE IT ALL PATIENTLY.



was put on the Asylum Board and a couple of committees, so that, as he himself said, "he could not really call a moment of time his own. His country needed him and it should have his services. "

His house and place might "go to the dogs" for all Fardy cared now. His motherless family might starve or run away, but he was a public man who could think of nothing but public affairs. Fardy was a changed man.

His eldest son, a lad of sixteen at the time of the Bandara meeting, seeing how things were going on left college a year and a half later and came home. His father was disgusted with his action and wanted to send him back; but Dick was determined, and, literally taking off his coat, set to work to keep things together and build up, if possible faster than his father knocked down. God strengthened him, for he succeeded admirably and Murty Glynn was no small assistance to him. At first the disappointed father openly hampered and contradicted the boy in everything he attempted. Dick bore it all patiently. He never let himself forget for a moment that this selfish tippler was his own father, and that two younger brothers and an only sister depended on himself alone.

Later his father did not oppose him very much, but yet wanted to have things done his own way. He still gave personal attention to fairs and market business, but after

another few years Fardy, the wreck of his former self, ceased to take any interest even in that, and Dick, now a young man, managed everything as he thought fit. And right well did he do it. The effects of drink and politics in his father's case were a warning to him, and he profitted by it, for he steered clear of both.

His father's case he felt to be hopeless. He had done all he could to make him his old self — the father his boyhood knew — but it was all to no purpose. The priest's services he enlisted; he sought the help of neighbours, especially Murty Glynn; prayers he got offered; and every time he knelt to speak to God his father's conversion was before his mind, yet it all seemed no use. Fardy was sober occasionally for a month or two, and then a meeting of some sort took place, and he was tippling again for perhaps eight or ten months, and, during this time he turned up regurlaly at Tim Brady's. There he was captain of the assembly, gave his views on everything, reasoned things over till everybody agreed with him, read aloud the orations of every politician of note (including himself), and acted the part of a great leader of thought, forgetting the while the duties home claimed from him — that God had given him children to care for and guide and guard, and that one of them — his youngest, his fairest, his only daughter — was slipping away from him, and that he

who should make her so happy was crushing her poor loving heart, and causing her to die all the quicker.

One night Fardy was in the middle of a (to him) most interesting discussion. It was past nine o'clock, and he was "well on it". Willie, his second son, came into the bar kitchen and begged him to "hurry home, as Caitlin was very weak and was asking for him. She wanted to speak to him. Would he come at once?"

Fardy looked at the boy a moment with drunken eyes.

"Go home, boy!" he hiccuped. "I'll, I'll be after you in — in — a jiffey. Go you home, boy." And then he turned to the others and continued the wise and learned discussion. Ay! he would be time enough when the clock struck ten and Tim Brady put up the shuts and cleared them out. He would be time enough!

Not even at ten did he hurry home, but loitered every few paces to drive home some point for the benefit of those friends who happened to be going his way. Eleven was striking as he groped at his own door. He pushed it open at last and staggered into the kitchen. His two sons were there before him. They looked up as he entered, but seeing his state gazed into the fire again. Fardy, forgetful of the message he had received almost two hours before, thought they had waited up for him — a thing he detested

— so, with a great show of virtue which ill became him, he loudly demanded:

“What’s the meaning of this sitting up all night? You boys should be in bed at this hour! I’m able to take care of myself.”

“Hush! what’s this noise about?” asked Father O’Dwyer in a whisper, as he came quickly from the sick room and took off his purple stole. “Ah! Fardy, Fardy, Fardy! Is it so, and are you gone so very low? Yet I’m not very much surprised at your state, but I’m shocked — disgusted that any father should refuse to come to the death-bed of his only daughter!”

“Beg pardon, Father—”

“Beg God’s pardon when you’re in the condition to do so!”

“Death-bed! Death-bed! Beg pardon, sir, I’m in my own house. What did you say about death-bed?”

“I say Caitlin is dying — speak easier, that we may not disturb her. She is dying, and you would not come from the public-house to see her. Be quiet, you, now, and don’t disturb her. She is resting easily at present. Go to your room and sleep it off and then you may see her.”

A wonderful change had been coming over Fardy while the priest was speaking. He was not sobered by the shock, but it seemed to him as if a great black shadow had come upon him.

“Father, let me in now. I want to speak

to Caitlin. There's something I want to tell her. Let me speak to my poor child."

"No!" said the priest, "certainly not! You would not come when you were in a better condition to see her. Go sleep, off the effects of your liquor first, and then speak to the poor child. Take him to his room, boys!"

Fardy glared, but the priest's hand was laid heavily on his shoulder. Father O' Dwyer meant what he said.

"I'll go to my room," said he, sullenly, as he stumbled towards it.

When Fardy opened his eyes, it was the clear dawn. He found himself fully dressed, as he had merely thrown himself on the bed the night before. He tried to collect his thoughts. Who vexed him last night? Why had he not undressed? Ah! yes, he thought of it now. Caitlin was sick, dying — perhaps dead now! He jumped up and hastened into the kitchen. The fire burned brightly, the lamp was still lighting, as it had been all night, and as he stood in wonder in the middle of the floor, he heard the low voices brokenly reciting the litany for the dying. There was a pause.

"Oh! poor, poor, gentle Caitlin, you're gone from us," cried Dick, and burst into tears. There was a low wail, and Fardy rushed in. He was late. Caitlin was gone out of life. He gazed at her for a moment, then went to the bedside and kneeling,

caught her hand and covered it with kisses and tears.

"I'm late, and it's my own fault, God forgive me. I don't blame your brothers for not wakening me. I didn't deserve it.—Dick and Willie, come over here to me till you witness what I wanted to tell Caitlin last night. In death let her do what neither she nor you could do in life. Hear me, my sons, and pardon me the past, if ye can! I will never, with God's help and the help of His Holy Mother, never again taste intoxicating drink, nor go into the temptation; God give me strength to keep my word, and maybe my poor Caitlin will ask that grace from God for me!"

He kissed her white hands again and again and then his sons kissed him; and, with the neighbours that were witnesses of this sad scene, they bowed their heads, and said the Rosary for her soul.

Little more than a year passed by, and Fardy had more than kept his word. He neither drank, spoke of politics, nor did any of those other things that at one time distracted him from the love he should have shown his children. He went but little from home. Oftentimes he visited his daughter's grave and, kneeling on the damp grass, prayed for her, and then he would kiss the green sod before he came away. Thus more than a year passed.

One evening he remained from home lon-

ger than usual. Towards nightfall it was turning cold and wet, and his sons, getting uneasy, went to seek him. They found him on Caitlin's grave, and they lifted him gently and brought him with them.

Later in the night he asked for the priest and he added:

"I won't see Caitlin's grave again, but I'll see herself soon."

That very night he died a holy, happy death

* * * * *

"So Murty and Matt went to the wake?"
I glanced up from the last page.

"And I was at the funeral," said Fr. O'Hara.

"Maybe, then, you are the Fr. O'Dwyer who anointed Caitlin?"

"Maybe so!" and he gave a slight toss of his head that left me still in doubt.

“ONLY A STONE BREAKER.”

MY neighbour and friend, Dr. MacSharry, invited me to dinner.

There were just three of us — MacSharry, Major Brownson, a Co. Meath landlord who had lately rented a shooting lodge in the parish, and myself. Our host had previously warned me of the Major's violent temper, especially explosive, if anyone dared oppose his views on the state of Ireland, and had begged of me to keep clear of every subject savouring of politics, “for” he said, “if he starts and you start, I'm likely to start, and I'm as hot as his best. But he's my guest, and of course I don't want to offend, so steer him off all national questions and don't give me a chance to open my mouth!”

I did my best to keep Brownson off the rocks, but he continually turned the conversation back on the “utter lawlessness of the Irish people,” and cited as examples, the exaggerated accounts he had read, in the tory press, of outrages real and alleged. Once I saw MacSharry about to take him up and abruptly introduced the soothing subject of music, but the Major was not to be drawn off. At last a happy thought struck me. I broke through my ordinary reserve and offered to take up Brownson's argument's point by point and requested MacSharry to

act as umpire. My offer was accepted, so the situation, since the umpire was excluded from taking sides, was saved.

I began by mentioning that my knowledge of the Irish people was first hand, as I was brought up amongst them, and amongst them I worked, intimate with their outward and inward lives, and depending on no garbled or prejudiced press reports. I argued as best I could and had the feeling that I was clearing this man's mind of a lot of prejudice, but when I had concluded what I thought was a clear, logical defence of my country and its people, Brownson exclaimed impatiently:—

"It doesn't matter a pin sir, what you may say, you can never justify injustice, and your people commit the most terrible injustices!"

"Pray how?" I inquired.

"Why, sir, you must be blind not to see it! Don't you know full well what is taking place every day, made public in the courts of law and in the press. If a man pays for a farm of land, or rents it for a year, or has more than his neighbour, he is boycotted, ostricised, shot at and tyrannised over by a pack of porter barrel demagogues! Don't you know that, sir?"

"*I do not, Major, you are misinformed,*" I emphatically asserted.

"But the courts——"

"Receive their knowledge from police re-

ports and to speak mildly I have more reliance on my own personal knowledge. Occasionally such incidents as you have enumerated do occur but it is wrong to lay them at the doors of the people in general, when it is well known that only a few ill advised boys with a wrong notion of national duty are guilty of it. Furthermore, granting there is a general discontent, but not general lawlessness, I can explain it as the evil effect of an evil cause."

"I should be pleased to hear your explanation, sir," and the Major leant back in his chair.

"Very well, Major, if you will be so good as to postpone the discussion until after dinner, I shall try to tell a little story that demonstrates the cause of the discontent far better, perhaps, than any argument of mine can do."

"Psa! A story against facts!" sneered Brownson. It was hard to be patient with him.

"But the story happens to be fact, too," I replied with forced calmness. "It is a little modern history that some of us are too ready sometimes to overlook.—Now, Dr., you may for the present retire from your position as umpire, and we'll 'talk of graves' or music, or anything you like till the cloth is removed, and then for the boredom of my story!"

* * * * *

"He was only a poor stone-breaker, "and the first time I saw him was on a bright summer evening, a day or two after my arrival in the parish. I was taking a walk where the road ran through a magnificent wood and the great trees on each side, entwining their long, leafy branches overhead, cut out the heat of the glaring sun and made a delightfully cool walk beneath.

I had just entered the wood, when I saw the old man rise with difficulty from the heap of stones he had been breaking, and go slowly along the road before me. He paused awhile opposite a "grand-gate," and taking off his hat, crossed himself. He was praying with bowed head as I came nearer, and as I had no desire to interrupt I, too, paused. I felt sure that inside the battered wall was an old graveyard where rested the ashes of some he once knew and loved, but imagine my surprise when, on looking through a gap, I saw only a great, ruined mansion, roofless and weather-torn, crows cawing around its gaunt chimneys and flying through its broken windows.

"May God forgive them and me!" came from the old man and again he went slowly on, and, I thought, more sadly.

I wondered why he prayed at that gate and hastened to overtake him. His name, he told me, was Ned O'Brien, and, when I had made myself known, his old, worn hands clasped mine.

"Musha! then you're heartily welcome here, Father!" he said, "an' I'm sure you'll like this place, too. There was never a priest here that wasn't lonesome leavin' it!" They say that in every parish in Ireland, and I think it's true.

For a time we spoke of various things and when the conversation at last drifted to the ruined mansion in the wood, I asked him why he prayed as he passed its gate.

The compressed lips and sad look in his eyes told me I had touched a sore wound and I felt sorry I had asked the question.

"Wethen, Father!" said the old stone-breaker, "if you'd like to hear the reason o' that, I'll tell you, an' welcome. An' maybe whin I've finished you'd be able to tell me whether, after all, I'm so much to blame as I think I am."

And now I give the substance of the old man's story; as he did not, I believe, give himself his full measure of praise, I shall endeavour to do so for him.

Castle Balstone, that we had just passed, had been a "great" place at one time, and a proud family dwelt within its walls. As was usual with great families in those days, the Baldstones lived beyond their means, and to make ends meet, they crushed and crushed their large tenantry till the latter could scarcely call their lives their own. Every penny, whether they could spare it or not, was wrung from them, and the wonder now

is, how the people could have borne the injustice so long and so patiently, but possibly it was because they were so used to being crushed that they hadn't the hearts left in them to fight. Still they clung to their little places in the mountains and in the bogs whither they had been exiled to starve. They clung to them because they loved them for their father's sakes, who, toiling and sweating to improve the land, had sanctified every sod, and, then, there was the hope that God would at last take pity on them and send them better days.

Ned was one of the tenants and had reason to remember the fact. He told me of the winter, nigh on thirty-five years ago, when old George Balstone died.

"We were glad of it, an' no wonder," said Ned, "for he was a hard, cold-hearted man. An' thin, we expected the new landlord, who was a young man, an' had seen a lot of the world, would at least leave the rents as they were an' not make our burthen heavier. We lit bonfires for him (may God forgive us!) whin he came home, an' at once dismissed Harry Simson from the agency, for we blamed Harry for a lot of our misfortunes. But sure! *Mo lean gear!* It wasn't from any good cause he did that, but because he was a greater skinflint than his father an' wanted to save Harry's salary an' be his own agent!"

The next thing that happened was that the tenants got notice of a further increase



"OLD BALSTONE OF BALSTONE CASTLE WAS A HARD,
COLDHEARTED MAN," SAID NED.

of rent to be paid at a certain date, and anyone failing to pay should get the roadside. All the tenants came together to see what was to be done, and a sadder and more broken body of men can scarcely be imagined. It is easy to find fault with the Irish and say they are backward, but when we remember that for centuries they had the protection of no law, but rather had all the power of their rulers levelled against them, we can only wonder that they survived the ordeal.

There was the crowd of tenants; old men who had worn themselves out making rich land of poor and having their rents increased for their pains; middle aged men, who saw downright starvation staring them in the face, if their burthen were made heavier, and young men, who only remained on the soil because they had aged fathers and mothers depending on them.

"What's to become of us all?" murmured old Paddy Hussian. "Sure, if we spoke to him, he couldn't be so hard-hearted as not to show us some fair play!"

"Hard-hearted!" came from another. "Sure the man has no heart at all. An' as for fair play! Never expect fair play from a Balstone!"

"I wonder if we brought the parish priest with us, would he listen to him?" suggested Matt Hannifin.

"We won't bring Fr. John where he'll be insulted," said Ned O'Brien. "Didn't old George threaten to horsewhip him once before for interferin'——"

"An' didn't Fr. John pay the ould divil back well for it?" said Matt.

"I don't care," said Ned. "This new man as far as I can make him out cares neither for God nor devil. Let us face him ourselves like min, an' whin he sees us combined maybe he'll listen to reason."

"An' if he doesn't listen to reason," said young Cullen, "maybe he'd listen to something else!"

There was a disapproving murmur at that, for all knew what was meant, but murder was the last thing they would think of.

At last Ned's counsel prevailed and they went in a body to the hall-door of Balstone Castle.

Ned looked around him and thought with himself that he had least of all to suffer. Only his wife and a boy of eleven years of age depended on him, and even if the worst came they could make out a living some way. Besides, he was then fully six feet in height and that made him feel stronger and braver as he gazed at the broken comrades that were with him. He had heard that real tyrants are sometimes appeased with one great victim, and the thought occurred to him that if he made himself very prominent, Balstone would wreck vengeance on him and, as *he* would think, to make it more bitter, would give the others a chance.

It was worth trying, and, anyhow, worse off than they were they could not be; so

telling the rest to leave everything to him, he went boldly up the steps and rang the bell.

The footman came to the door.

"I want to speak to Mr. Balstone," said Ned.

"He's not at home," was the answer. But Ned had caught a glimpse of the master of the castle, as, hiding behind the curtains of the drawing room window, he watched and listened.

"I want to see Mr. Baldstone." And Ned pretended he did not understand.

"He's not at home, I say," repeated the footman.

"But I *want* to see him," said Ned doggedly.

"But you can't see him," returned the servant.

"I must and I will see him," and Ned was now thoroughly roused.

"Aisy, Ned, aisy!" was suggested from behind, but Ned's blood was up. He put his foot before the door as the footman attempted to close it; and the latter could only wonder whether this peasant was mad to speak thus within earshot of his master, for he, too, knew that Balstone, was listening.

"Look here, my man," said Ned, "go to your master in the drawing room there and tell him we came to see him on business!" And, overawed by Ned's six foot of manly strength, the footman hastened to obey.

Could Ned have foreseen the full consequences of his action, he might not have been so rash, but in the excitement of the moment he took no time to consider.

Balstone glared as the servant entered. His face was livid with passion; his clenched hands trembled as he ordered the man to return and say: "The damned churlish fellow should see him and by h—— would have cause to regret it."

Balstone, then taking a revolver from a drawer, saw that every chamber was loaded, and put it in his pocket. He went out the back entrance and on his way picked up a huge dog-whip. Reaching the stables, he ordered his horse and paced madly to and fro fuming and cursing till at last he was mounted.

Meanwhile the footman had returned to the tenants to say Mr. Balstone should see them. Not knowing what was to happen next, they could do naught but keep all their attention fixed on the door of the castle, expecting every moment their landlord should appear. But he did not come that way. Instead, he rode around from the yard and, keeping his horse on the soft, green sward, came noiselessly on their rear. The first indication of his presence was a scream from old Hushian as he was dealt a heavy blow from the butt of the dog-whip. The crowd scattered to right and left as the savage blows rained down on these poor defenceless men.

"You curs!" roared the master of Balstone Castle, "how dare you come to my door? How dare you come to speak to me? Begone from here this instant and pay your rents, and be thankful that I take them instead of hunting every damn one of you off my property!"

The horse stamped and plunged about as his rider struck out on all sides. Suddenly the reins and whip were seized by Ned O'Brien.

"Stop that!" he called out. "We are not curs to be whipped like this; we are men!"

A struggle began for possession of the whip. Someone rushed forward to catch the horse, so as to give Ned more freedom, but the latter cried:

"Leave him alone! This is my fight. I am to blame for all this an' I want only myself to suffer for it!" He then released the reins and seizing the whip in both hands wrenched it from its owner. His first thought was to give a sound trashing to Balstone, but he changed his mind and flung the whip into the shrubbery that grew close by.

Balstone was speechless with fury. For a few moments he sat as one transfixed, while Ned jumped to the horse's head again and seized the reins. At last the rider recovered himself sufficiently to command:

"Let go my horse instantly, you damned scoundrel!"

"I will if you let *us* go as we came — in peace," was the answer.

"Let go my horse!" came still more fiercely from the other, as he levelled the shining revolver at O'Brien's head. A murmur of horror broke from the crowd of tenants, but before one of them could come to the assistance of their leader, he had seized Balstone's wrist and pointed the weapon upwards. Again the horse plunged. Again the struggle began; and again the pampered tyrant proved no match for the hardy son of toil.

Balstone gave in!

"Look here, O'Brien!" he gasped, "you must leave my lands at once and take this rabble with you!"

"We only came to speak reasonably with you, an' this is how you met us!"

"How dare you talk to me like that! Take yourself and these fellows off!"

"Put aside the revolver, thin, an' we'll go!"

"I will not. I'll hold it in my hand, but will not use it, unless it's necessary."

"What guarantee have I for that?"

"My word of honour as a gentleman!"

Ned smiled at the expression from such a source.

"I'll chance it," he said, after a pause, and forthwith released the hand he held and walked ahead.

He turned after a little and said:

"Mr. Balstone, remember the tenants came here by my advice an' I hope you will visit the consequences on me alone."

"By G——! to your death you will regret

this day's work! Proceed!" And like sheep he drove them through the gate at the point of his revolver. They were overcome by the power that, in this world, wrong often possesses over right.

Outside the gate, the tenants were dispersing to their respective homes; but Ned walked sullenly to the centre of the road. He well knew his fate was sealed anyhow and determined to show a last piece of independence. Once on the highway he again faced the landlord.

"Won't you go home?" demanded Balstone; "and I swear you won't have a home to go to for long!"

"I'm now on the public road," returned Ned. "You could order me off your own land, but I have as much right to be here as you have!"

"You insolent scoundrel!" Ned had only time to strike the revolver upwards when it went off. The frightened horse dashed away and threw the rider heavily against the wall; and as he lay there unconscious the first to run to his assistance was the man whom, a short time before, he had sworn to make a homeless wanderer! Yet people call the Irish savages!!

Ned O'Brien was arrested for attempting the life of William Balstone! Even a packed jury could not be got to agree on the verdict and from assizes to assizes the case had to be adjourned. A scrap of news from wife

or child or neighbour never reached him during all the months of his confinement, and when, at last, a "*nolle prosequi*" was entered, and he was unexpectedly released, he turned his steps to where his home once had been. He found only a roofless cabin, a weed-grown garden. But saddest news of all, his wife, tortured by anxiety and almost broken-hearted, had fallen ill shortly after his arrest. In a raging fever she was thrown on the roadside, and died the very night of the eviction.

Sorrow and anger drove O'Brien almost mad, and he rushed to Balstone Castle to avenge the murder of his wife. Ever afterwards he blessed God that he did not meet the landlord, or perhaps, he too, would be a murderer from that day. But in his frenzy he cursed the Balstones, and prayed that he would see their castle roofless and the crows flying through its windows.

"An' there it is, Father," concluded the poor old stonebreaker. "I have seen what I prayed for, an' whin, I first saw it, I felt I had done a great wrong, an' ever since whin I pass the gate I ask God to forgive thim an' me!"

"Your curse was in anger," I said, "and likely had nothing to do with their downfall. I believe rather it was the just vengeance of God that overtook them. But what of your son?"

"My son, Father, went to America, an'

but for him 'tis a hard struggle I'd have to get along. Many's the father and mother have reason to bless the children that were driven from their native land as my boy was. But thank God! Father, I'll see him soon. The Estate Commissioners have purchased the property an' I'm gettin' back my ould place, an' my son is comin' home to look after me an' keep me for the rest of my days! Sure God is kinder to me than I deserve."

"What do you think of that, Major? Do you agree that the stone-breaker got more than he deserved?" asked MacSharry.

"I do not!" said the Major emphatically.

"I have another story," said the Doctor; "but perhaps, Major, you have enough for the present? Meanwhile it may do you no harm to consider whether you would be as lenient towards Balstone as O'Brien was or would you rather take a hand in the lawlessness you so vehemently condemn?"

Major Brownson looked at him but said nothing.

"THE TALE OF A BEGGAR."

THE three of us were again seated at Dr. MacSharry's cheerful fire-side. Outside the wind blew in fitful gusts around the angles of the house and whistled and moaned through the tree-tops; and every now and again dashed the rain against the window-panes. As we listened to the storm the fireside seemed to have added charm and to be an extra cosy place, so we settled ourselves for a comfortable chat. However, the wind and rain continually diverted our attention, and conversation flagged.

"What about that story you promised us, Doctor?" I ventured at last. "We want something special to interest us."

"I don't know will what I have to say prove very interesting," returned MacSharry. "However, if you want it, you shall have it with pleasure."

"Something on the same lines as the one we listened to the other evening, I suppose?" suggested the Major.

"Well, not altogether," said the Doctor. "The same tune, though, but different words."

"That tune is justification of outrages in Ireland?" and the Major shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh! God forbid we'd encourage outrages, Major," I hastened to explain. "I think you don't exactly grasp *our* point."

"Well, now, gentlemen, *my* point is this," Major Brownson argued. "Take a man, as I have said on a previous occasion, who has a large farm or who takes one for eleven months. He pays for it and, therefore, has a right to use it. Then ignorant fellows, filled with envy, threaten him, unless he gives up the farm and suffers enormous loss; and when, very rightly, too, he refuses to obey them, they knock down his walls and drive his stock helter-skelter through the country! Yet, you two gentlemen of responsible positions demand my sympathy for such proceeding! In the name of common sense, do try to be rational?"

"I see your point quite well," said the Doctor, "but I don't think it's my place to argue the morality of cattle-driving." And he looked sideways at me.

"I'm sure I'm not going to do it, Doctor," I said. "All I wish to state is we're not trying to justify outrages, but to show they're the result of previous unjust treatment of the people."

"That's quite right — that's quite true!" and fire gleamed in MacSharry's eyes as he continued: "These outrages are the natural outcome of the method of land tenure that obtained here and the form of government by which the country unfortunately was ruled! I tell you, Major, a hostile gentry, an alien rule, an irrational system of education, have left Ireland as you see it — though it seems

to me you see it as from afar off; and what wonder is it, if the general body of the Irish people are discontented, and a few, who cause you to condemn all, tired of waiting for justice to be done them, are tempted to other means for obtaining it?"

"Nice means they use, too!" said Brownson grimly.

"Hardly nice, I admit," returned Mac-Sharry, "but of such a character as at least to arouse the curiosity of the Government as to the real cause of them, and then, by removing the cause, restore Ireland to a normal, happy, prosperous condition!"

"Very fine — very fine — in theory!" was the Major's comment. "I think you have now prepared the way for your story, Doctor, and I can make a good shot at the drift of it. So, go ahead, sir!"

"Convince a man against his will — you know the rest of it. I think your case is absolutely incurable, Major, but I'll try the story on you, as it's a demonstration of my argument. Thus, as in the body pain is caused by physical defect and ceases when the cause is removed, so in Ireland discontent follows harsh treatment; removal of harsh treatment restores happiness and prosperity."

"I am going to tell you an experience of my own," he said. "It is one I have never related before, and I must ask you not to repeat it until either I give permission or am dead."

We readily gave the promise, little thinking that less than a year should release us from the obligation of silence. God rest Dr. MacSharry's soul! He was a good man.

"I remember one Sunday afternoon, a couple of years after I had come here," continued the Doctor, "just such an evening as this. The rain was coming down in torrents and the wind howling. I hoped no one would need my services till the wind and rain had ceased at any rate, and was just settling myself in this armchair for a read and a smoke, when a resounding rat-tat-tat on the knocker made me jump, and a few moments later my motherly housekeeper entered:

"Wethin now, isn't it too bad," she began, "an' it such a terrible evenin'? Mrs. Delarey's son is abroad, sir, to say she's very bad entirely an' for you to go over at once."

I was surprised at being called to Mrs. Delarey's as I had seen her, apparently in perfect health, at Mass that morning. In fact, I always had taken particular notice of her, as in her snowy cap, bound with a green silk band, her dark-brown dress and blackhooded cloak, she seemed to me the very ideal of an Irish mother; and then her fine, clear-cut features and stately walk might well have been those of a queen. Of course there were many others as good as she, but no one so distinguished looking, or who so much claimed my attention.

The answers of her son to my inquiries led

me to think something serious was the matter, and I set out at once on horse-back — I rode a lot in those days.

An easy trot through the darkness of the wood and then a gallop over the open bog-road brought me to the head of the *boithrin*, and soon I was being assisted to the ground and guided over the fern-strewn "street" to the door of the patient's house.

"There it was, Major, an Irish home! You are drawing your income, sir, from such people, and I'd lay a wager you don't know what their homes are like! How can you sit in judgment on them?" and the Doctor was very earnest. "There it was: the shining tinware on the whitewashed walls reflecting the light of the bright turf-fire that blazed on the hearth. The dresser spotless and on its lowest shelf a row of jugs and mugs; its second and third shelves adorned with the old-fashioned blue plates, and on the top one, three immense dishes. The well-scrubbed table beside the door was laid for a simple supper; a great chest in the corner beyond the fire and the settle, a seat by day, a bed by night, under the window! Nothing superfluous, nothing that was not needed, but everything there told of the love of the household for comfort and cleanliness, if only they were left in peace and got a fair chance. Yet that very home was condemned to be torn down, its occupants to be driven up the mountain side, in order, forsooth,

that the farm be turned to better use! To fatten the cattle and sheep of a rich, avaricious landlord!! Ah! Major Brownson, I have seen this sort of thing so often that my sympathy, not only as an Irishman, but as a man, is wholly with the people, and is it any wonder, I ask?"

The Doctor looked about him, but as we made no comment, he continued:

"Pardon me for giving way to my feelings so much, but I can't help it sometimes. * * * I went into the sick room and when Mrs. Delarey had welcomed me (they never forget that), she told her daughter to leave us and 'pull the door after her.'

"Well, Mrs. Delarey," I said when we were quite alone, "how are you feeling? Have you any pain?"

"Doctor, *a mhuirnin*," she replied. "I hope you won't be vexed with me, but thanks be to God an' His Holy Mother, I'm neither sick nor sore!"

I was certainly astounded at this information.

"Sure, I knew you'd be vexed with me," she went on, as she looked at my face, "an' why wouldn't you, to be brought out in such terrible bad weather; but what could I do? I have a heavy load on me mind, and didn't like *sindin'* for the priest, because he'd be bringin' the Blessed Sacrament with him on a vain journey. An' I could think of no one else to tell but you, *a stoir*, for I know you're honest an' 'll know what's best."

I knew by her anxiety that she had really good reason to send for me, but still did not care to have more than my own professional responsibilities shifted on to my shoulders.

"Oh! if it's something that's on your mind," I said, "you'd better tell the priest. I can send him up on my way back and explain that he's not to bring the Blessed Sacrament."

"Ora! Stop *a stoir*!" she exclaimed. "Sure there's not that much time to be spared! Wait till you hear what I have to say."

"And now," said MacSharry, "I must make a digression and describe the condition of affairs here at the time."

It seems that long before I came here, old Edward Cartley found farming a very profitable investment for his immense wealth, and having all the domain property occupied sought additional farms. He consulted Jack Merlyn, his agent and stock-master, on the matter and was recommended by the latter to transplant the tenants from the good lands they held to the mountain and bog and 'carrigeens', thereby giving himself much additional grazing. Cartley had some scruple about this arrangement, and did not care at once give his consent to it, but eventually, following the example of the neighbouring landlords, he told the agent he might do as he desired.

The clearance began, and the unfortunate people saw their homesteads razed to the ground, and the lands they had drained and

tilled and manured turned into great grazing ranches for another.

It was commonly said that young Cartley strongly objected to this treatment of the tenants. His objection was unheeded, and as a result he left home and got a commission in the army. The transplanting continued during the following years, but the dreadful business was conducted in such a fashion that the tenants were driven to no positive outbreak; and, besides, they well knew, from the sad experience of others, that resistance meant greater evils.

One day old Cartley got a fit of apoplexy. I was called to his bedside, but on my way I met Fr. Connell returning and he told me I was late. The man had already gone to give an account of his stewardship.

I've never seen so small a funeral. His own servants, a handful of the neighbouring gentry, the priest and myself — that was all. There was no mourner, as his son and granddaughter, his only relatives, were, at that time, in India. Young Edward Cartley was now the landlord, and hopes beat high in the tenant's hearts; but on hearing of his father's death, he merely informed the agent that he had no present intention of returning and gave instructions as to how he wished the estate to be managed. What these instructions were you will learn later.

The agent (much to his regret, he stated, and, as a matter of fact, had always stated)



HE WAS ACTING ON THE ORDERS OF COL. CARTLEY,
THE AGENT TOOK CARE TO SAY,

continued the transplanting, and he took care to make it known that he was acting on the orders of Col. Cartley. But the climax was reached when the whole village of Ballynahash got notice that their time had come. They were to go, and not one by one either, but all together!

"Of course," said the sleek agent, "Col. Cartley does not wish to treat you harshly. He is allowing you some months to prepare new houses and is giving you holdings on another part of the property." "Of course," said the Doctor, sarcastically; "of course he was! New holdings among the rocks of Cruc-follav and on the mountain waste lands!!"

Ballynahash was a populous village, and as there is strength in numbers, there was a strong rumour of trouble. The agent was nagging at them for weeks to go, and the more peacefully and quietly they would go the better for them. Such was the state of things when suddenly almost without warning, Col. Cartley came home. The interferences of the agent at once ceased, but the people, filled with the thought of coming woe and sorrow, did not seem to notice that. A few were talking of making some appeal to the landlord, but a couple of weeks passed and that appeal was not made. A very few, five or six young men, I should think, were for taking drastic measures, and the wildest rumours went abroad. They seemed to have reached everybody, except Col. Cartley, whom they most of all concerned.

Now, gentlemen, we return to Mrs. Dela-
rey's bedside.

"Whin I was comin' from Mass, to-day, Doctor," she told me, "I got a lift in the cart from Tom Curtiss's son. Joe Dillon was along with him, and the two were sittin' in front an' I was behind. I have the name o' bein' very deaf, *a stoir*, but I'm not as bad as they think, an' so I caught a word o' what they were sayin' here and there. Maybe it wasn't right for me to listen, but, sure, they knew I was there, an' why did they speak?"

"Is it all settled?" says one.

"'Tis *so*," says the other; an' thin they whispered, an' I only heard "Rathmore House this evenin'." Well, I never thought of any-
thing serious in all that, but I met the Rath-
more butler after comin' off the cart, an' in
the course o' talk, he told me there was to be
a great dinner that night in Rathmore, and
Col. Cartley would be in it. Like a flash it
crossed my mind why the two lads were
talkin' o' Rathmore that's such a long way
our this; an' puttin' that an' what everyone
is hearin' together, I began to fear that some-
thing is goin' to happen Master Eddy. I
tried to put it out o' me head, but 'twas trou-
blin' me all day. I didn't see any use tellin'
me own lads, for what could they do, an'
sure 'twould be hard to expect thim to take
any trouble for the man they believe is goin'
to evict thim. In troth, Doctor, I don't be-
lieve anything bad o' the Colonel myself,

for he was a nice, gintle boy an' very kind to everyone long ago. There's a mistake somewhere an' he's not to blame. Don't let anything happen him, sir; bad work is bad! I was thinkin' o' goin' down to the priest, but I knew I wouldn't be let out in the rain, and while ago I thought o' yourself. I fell down forninst the fire an' they thought I fainted.

"Ora! What ails you, mother?" says they.

"Sind for the doctor," says I; 'I want him badly, an' don't mind bringin' the priest till we see what the doctor thinks o' me.' They carried me into bed, an' now, a *stoir*, you have the load that was on my mind, an' if you think there's any grounds for my fears, you'll do the best you can!"

Knowing all I did, I felt there were "grounds for her fears," so giving a few instructions about Mrs. Delarey's supposed illness and promising to send up a "bottle," I hurried away. As I galloped homewards, a new difficulty presented itself. If I went directly to Col. Cartley, I reasoned (not knowing the Irish then as I do now, Major), I thought I should lose the confidence of the neighbourhood, and, of course, be ruined, as the miserable salary attaching to my dispensaries could scarce support me. Looking back from now, I, of course, see that I could have gone straight to Cartley Hall, and not be a bit the worse in consequence, but being a young, impetuous man, I did a very strange, foolish thing.

"Well, well, well! Another sick-call, and on such an evening!" I called out as I reached my own door. That was to disarm the curiosity of my house-keeper as to my going out so soon again. I quickly procured an old canvas sack from the coach-house, threw an old suit of clothes into it, mounted and was away again. As I rode by Cartley Hall gates, I detected the figures of two men. I suspected they were there to learn if the Colonel went to the dinner-party. I saluted them, but received no response and trotted on. Further on the road I met two or three young fellows, but owing to the darkness could nor recognize them; I spoke to them that they might know me, but they, too, remained silent. At last I was beyond the domain and, riding a short distance, turned in an old "*boithrin*" that led to an untenanted, house. I put the horse in there, pulled on the old clothes, giving them a tear here and there, smeared my face with soot from the chimney and with a couple of sods of turf in my bag and a heavy walking stick was ready for my adventure. In my college days I had taken part in some amateur theatricals, and the little experience thus gained now stood to me as I played the part of a beggar.

Back towards the wood and by the great high wall, I made my way. Unknown I stumbled by the fellows I had ridden past a short time before. I reached the gate and seating myself, fell to searching my pocket as

though for a piece of tobacco. The two watchers came over to me.

“What are you doin’ here?” asked one of them in a disguised voice.

“‘Resting’ myself, *a mhuirnin*,” I whined, “I’m tired an’ nigh famished with the hunger. Maybe you’d have something to spare for a poor man?”

“Better for you to go to the village,” he returned; “you’ll be sure to get something there.”

“I dunno,” said I, “if I wint up to the ‘big house’ here, would they give me a bite to eat? Sure, worse than refuse, they can’t.”

“Couldn’t they, now?” said the second watcher. “Couldn’t they set the dogs on you?”

“Musha, sure they wouldn’t be as bad as that,” I replied.

“Aisily known you’re a stranger!” said No 2.

“The best thing for you to do is go to the village!” advised No. 1. Then the other whispered him some thing and the first continued: “Well, try the ‘big house’ if you’ve a mind to, but I’m thinkin’ you’ll be sorry.”

“I will, thin,” I grunted. And without more ado, took my bag on my back and hobbled in the gateway and up the avenue. In the course of the conversation, I had recognized the two of them and was sorry for it.

As I reached the Hall, Col. Cartley was descending the steps to the waiting carriage. Miss Cartley was not with him, for

some reason or other. (The Colonel was a widower, by the way.) When he stepped on the terrace, I accosted him and begged some assistance; then in my natural voice I asked "the favor of an interview as I had something of grave importance to communicate." I had met him twice, but only for a few moments on each occasion; still I hoped he might recognize my voice. I expect his Indian training had taught him not to ow surprise at such happenings, at any rate, bidding me follow him, he turned back to the house, but stood just inside the door.

"I'm in a hurry, just now," he said, "what do you want of me?"

"Don't let it be seen that you know me, Colonel, if you do," I said, "but take me to the library." He looked me up and down and then led the way. Somehow that has always struck me as a poor compliment.

Once we were alone in the library, I made myself known.

"Can it be possibly you, Dr. MacSharry?" he cried, in his amazement.

"Speak easy, for goodness sake," I said, "lest the servants know who I am."

"Have you taken leave of your senses, Doctor?" he asked.

"Not at all, sir; though I confess it looks like it." I then briefly told him all I knew, but gave no names. "And it is likely that on your return to-night the attempt will be

made," I concluded. "It may not even be safe to go, and I have come in this disguise to warn you to remain at home."

"After what you tell me, Doctor, I am now determined on going. I cannot allow myself to be terrorised in this way." And after all my trouble, this was the result!

"Then, Colonel, you are doing a great wrong not only to yourself but to your daughter. If the worst happens, and your body be carried home here, I ask you to picture to yourself her misery; and think further how heavy a burthen her life will be, if she must go through it without you to guide and protect her." I saw him wince at that, for he loved his daughter, and I forthwith pursued that line of argument, till at last he consented to remain indoors that night.

"But," he burst forth, "why on earth am *I* attacked? What injury have *I* ever done my tenants? They won't surely punish me for the sins of my father; they know I left home on account of his treatment of them?"

It was now my turn to be astonished.

"Since you became master, Colonel," I informed him, "the same method of transplanting and evicting tenants has gone on as before — at least so I believe — and I can myself speak for the last two years, and I assure you I have been a witness of heartrending scenes conducted on your property! Just now the people of Ballynahash have got notice that they are to be cleared within the

next few months, and that, I think, is the cause of the present dreadful business."

"My God!" he cried, "and I never knew a word of this. I left the management of everything to Merlyn. He encouraged me against my father long ago and I thought him kind-hearted and trustworthy. The damn rascal, I see now why he appeared so flurried when I walked suddenly into his office! I trusted him so much, Doctor, that I made absolutely no inquiry since I came home. though I wondered at the scarcity of farm-houses. 'Pon my word, he shall account for his hypocrisy!"

"And was there no increase in the amounts placed to your credit?" I inquired.

"Increase! Why, there was a decrease, man, which he explained by the expense of restoring tenants and reducing rents, in accordance with the instructions I had sent him as soon as I succeeded to the property!"

"He must have feathered his own nest nicely, Colonel, at your and the tenants' expense," I could not help saying.

"This all comes from not attending to my own business! Well," he said sadly, "I can hardly blame those poor fellows for their awful madness. They can scarcely be said to be accountable for their actions because of their sufferings — though they might have first explained affairs to me directly." Then he looked into my face. "I cannot tell you, Dr. MacSharry, how sincerely grateful I am

to you for possibly saving my life and, secondly, letting me know of this dreadful mismanagement of my property. Believe me, it was done unknown to me and against my written instructions. My carriage is still at the door and you will give me pleasure if you will let me send it home with you."

"Thank you, Colonel, but that would undo my evening's work. You must now proceed to kick me down the front steps, and please do it yourself; don't let the servants near me lest they should hurt."

"Oh! nonsense, man!" he said.

"Oh! never fear, I'll make a suitable return. I'll curse you and yours in fine style and go as I came — a beggar!"

He demurred for a time, but at last, entering into the spirit of the thing, kicked me harmlessly out of the house.

"Take yourself off!" he roared; "you confounded impostor! How dare you come to me with your lying stories of poverty and sickness?"

"May a hundred thousand curses light on your head, night, noon, and morning!" I returned from a safe distance. "May your ginerations to come taste the bitterness of sorrow, sickness and hunger before they die!" and so I continued till I reached the gate.

To the two watchers, who were still there, I gave a wonderful recital of my hardships and stumbled along towards the village. When some distance away, I got over the wall

on the opposite side of the road and doubled back through the fields. In a little streamlet I washed my face and hands, and crawling under the hedges reached my horse. In a few moments I was in my ordinary attire and mounting reached home without mishap. Long into the night I sat there thinking and laughing at the strangest life drama it has ever been my lot to take part in.

And as the doctor gazed into the glowing fire, a smile played around the corners of his mouth.

"Finish the story, MacSharry," said the Major; "surely there's an end to it."

"Why everyone about here knows the rest of it!—but I forgot, you're both strangers. Well, the Colonel and the parish priest got the tenants together next day and everything was explained, from the instructions Col. Cartley gave in the beginning to the infernal scheming of the agent. The rents were reduced to make up for past wrongs, and the transplanted and evicted restored. Later the landlord sold the property under the 'Ashbourne Act,' and soon the tenants will be owners of 'their little bit of Ireland.' They pray a long life for the man that gave them fair play, and he still lives among us, the most respected and popular landowner in the country." But the agent Black Jack Merlyn, the thief of the world, cleared out," added MacSharry, vehemently. "He left the day after he met the Colonel, and hasn't been heard of since."

"Of course, you got those fellows at the gate arrested?" suggested Brownson.

"Arrested! Why? On what evidence?" MacSharry shot the questions out. "Do you know, Major, they're now the two most contented, respectable and industrious farmers in this or the next parish?"

"And the beggar?" I inquired; "did they ever learn who it was?"

"They're still looking for the beggar!" chuckled the Doctor. And we all laughed.



OFTEN I HAD ADMIRERD THAT SCENE.

"CLIFFS AND SEA."

"ONE Sunday a year or so ago, when I was curate in Killcannor," said Fr. O' Hara to me, "I remember a little experience of mine whose very recollection gives me pleasure and hope."

It was an ideal Summer evening, and after dinner I took a walk along the cliffs, whose heads were crowned with purple heather and bright pinks and whose feet were bathed in the whispering waters of Killcannor Bay."

"Very poetic indeed!" was my comment.

"Ah! is that so! Perhaps it is; I sometimes get that way, you know. — Well to proceed with the poetry: There lay the lovely bay, rich by nature in possibilities, poor through man's lack of enterprise. The air was so beautifully clear that the **famaires* could be seen by the naked eye sitting on the opposite cliffs and parading the promenade at Inchbeg; and the hotels and cottages, (whatever they looked like on close inspection), made a very pretty picture in the distance, as the sunshine, falling on the many white walls showed them in bold outline against the dark green background of the hills of Clare; and cliffs and hills and village were softly duplicated in the calm waters beneath.

Often during the short time I was in Killcannor, I had admired the scene and even yet it would hold all my attention. A slight

movement close by caused me to look around and I beheld a young fellow seated on a soft bank, the moss covered fence supporting his back. He laid the book he had been reading face downwards beside him and saluted me. I went over and we got into conversation. I found him to be one of that happily increasing band that will send the life blood coursing freely through the veins of Ireland, he was a sterling young Irish Irishman!

Had I read in a book the short description I am about to give you of this young man, I would consider it considerably exaggerated, but I assure you I met such as I describe and there are many of them.

To begin with he was reading the History of Ireland in *his own Irish language*, and was an Irish scholar of no mean sort and had almost as much knowledge of English; he could read, write and speak the two languages with the greatest ease, and yet he was an ordinary country boy, the son of a carpenter that lived within a hundred yards of where we were. What a pity," and he lowered his voice, "that a land, producing such as he, should be so handicapped in the race of nations? Well," he went on, "I was more than agreeably surprised to find how interestingly he could discuss with me such questions as the development of Irish industry, economical and political movements and the value of each in proportion to the money expended and the resultant gain.

As I was not a very fluent Irish speaker we were compelled after the first few phrases to use English and my companion spoke it with a fine soft brogue. It was another example that one can never judge a man's knowledge by his accent, for sometimes the man with the thickest brogue has the most brains and the one with the most exaggerated intonation the least sense. Though the boy lived so near me I had not before met him and I suppose that was because I had not called into many houses. A curate has such a "come and go" life that the more friends he makes in a parish the harder is the parting and that may account for want of interest on our part sometimes. However that's all by the way.

Once my young friend changed the subject of our conversation rather abruptly by asking me a strange question:

"I want to ax you a question. Father. Are there people in it now who believe in *sidheogs* and *pishroques* an' fairies an' the likes?

"I have met people who would persuade themselves to believe in anything," I returned, "just as there are some who persuade themselves to believe in nothing."

"Well, the rayson I axed you that now," said he, "is that a chap come here last July an', begorras, he found fairies playin' 'hide an' seek' among the daisies an' *leipreachains* whackin' shoes under every whitethorn bush. Dickens o' such lies ever anyone heard as he

was told around here as soon as the people got to know him. I believe myself was the first to come across him beyant on the road, but sure I couldn't make head or tail o' half all he was sayin' for I wasn't very well up thin. I'd be able for him now though, I think, an' I wouldn't have to tell him lies a nayther no more than I did thin."

"What sort of person was he?" I asked.

He described the visitor and I immediately recognized the 'fairy man.' I got all my companion had to tell me, and putting that with what I already knew, was able to write a short sketch.

There's too much of this ethereal dreaming going on and too little earnest work; too many standing with their backs to the wall and their hands in their trousers pockets, and too few in the fields and the workshops; too many scoffing critics on the fence, and too few hurlers taking the field; still perhaps if I were writing this sketch to-day I might be more lenient. Do you think it's too severe?"

"I can't say till I see it," I returned.

"I forgot," he said. "Well here it is now." And he handed me a crumbled M.S. "I just found it in the linings of an old valise."

"THE MYSTIC AND THE MAN"*

THE Stranger was a small, thin man; his long black hair fell in ringlets over his forehead, and behind its graceful curls reached even to his narrow shoulders. One would at first sight judge him a piano-tuner, or a poet, and on second thoughts incline to believe him a poet, as the opportunities for the former exercising his calling in backward Dun-na-Sgeithe behind the Doire Ban mountains were nil. He *was* a poet — a poet who peopled the world with fantastic creatures drawn from other worlds by his own innate and wonderful power, and among them he lived a life of deepest mystery, and learned things from the shadowy forms around him, *which he put in a book, and sought to change, but could not, for the power of the People of his World was upon him, and he could not.* Ordinary mortals did not understand half all the Stranger had told in the book — nor did he himself, possibly — yet what did it matter? He was a poet — a mystic — a mystic poet, and did he not hold a "poetic license"?

Though it was a warm evening in July, a heavy overcoat enveloped his slender frame, for he was cold in the midst of sunshine, weary though he had rested much. He sought peace and quiet to think and dream on the weird inhabitants of duns and castles and hills

and dismal places, and now he smiled for the loneliness of this Clare hillside pleased him, and he had found what he had sought for — peace to think and dream.

But hark! over the hills came the merry shouts of the hay-savers, homeward bound from the meadows, the Stranger's heart was chilled; he sought loneliness, and it was not yet his.

"I must seek further," he said, as gathering his great coat round him, he went down the road. On he went, by hawthorn hedges and past green gardens and murmuring brooks till at last he left the hills behind and reached the barren bog-land that stretched towards the West. A stream came down from the mountain and turned a lazy mill-wheel beyond. "Ah!" said the stranger, "an ideal loneliness reigns here. I could sit and dream by this dreary moor, and feel the pyrene calm of the quivering twilight as, ever and anon it whisks by the rhymical hill-tops and gathers in its wake the sprites of eve towards where the Golden Chariot glides on a crystal sunbeam to its green-grey bower 'mid whispering cloudlets."

A while he stood and saw "the sprites of eve" passing over the moor, and with their shadowy arms waving him to follow in their wake; and then absorbed in the gathering gloom, they disappeared in an opal hush.

"This *is* a beautiful peace," said the Stranger; "here could I rest and think and dream



A RUSTIC WAS ON THE ROAD AND THE STRANGER HAD NOT YET SEEN HIM.

for ever, were it not for that babbling stream eterne, which distracts my ear, and that mill wheel whose dripping sides reflects the glanting beams and whose every revolution disturbs my vision of the three grey winds and the five blue spooks of the murky moor, whose plaintive cries rejoice my heart. I wish that wheel would stop, and ——”

“Faix, thin, that ’ud be a bad job,” said a rustic on the road before him whom he had not yet seen. “What ’ud we do, thin, for bread?”

The Stranger was called back from the vision of the sprites to the grim realities of life,

“Ah!” he said, “Geea Guth!”

“*Dia is Muire dhuit, a dhuine ua-sail*” replied the Rustic, and stopped. He thought it was not his business to proceed. The Stranger hesitated, too, for his store of Irish had already run out, and he waited for the Rustic to begin in English, for so the rustics usually did. Now, however, he was disappointed, for the man stood in silence by his side. The Stranger was somewhat disconcerted.

“Ah!” he said, recovering himself at last, “Friend do you ever exult in the ethereal loneliness of this whispering waste in the dim-eyed dawn? The loneliness, y’ know, the glimmering hush of a blue loneliness?”

“Well, thin, no, now, mind you,” said the Rustic; then he thought of himself and re-

gretted he had not said, "Yis, o' course, sir, now an' agin"; for the man was mad, he thought, and 'twere better agree with him.

I must seek further," said the Stranger as if to himself. Then to the Rustic, "Go you to the village? If so, I should like to accompany you."

"You may an' welcome, sir," replied the Rustic, and side by side they walked down the road. At last the Stranger suddenly clutched his companion's arm, and, pointing across the fields, cried.:

"See where the hobgoblins of the Forest of Gloom disport themselves in celestial grey-ness! That was perhaps, the palace of their fathers. Here was their forest!! There a palace of stars with silvery pillars, towers, and——"

"Is it the sheep-pen Padraig O'Ceallaigh made last March, ye name, sir?" said the Rustic, looking at what was shown him. Then he recollected the Stranger must be really mad, and was sorry he had not said. "His grandfather saw them in it;" but he was late now, and the Stranger groaned at the prosaic remark and pressed the matter no more. He concluded this was no true Celt, for if he were, he should be mystic and understand the hidden meaning of the poetic words. He resolved to try his companion in another direction, and, gathering himself together with an effort, attempted to descend to the Rustic's sphere:

"Is the new revival making progress here, friend?" he asked. "It leads, y' know, to disclose the Celtic soul, its pathos and its mystery!!!"

"What soart, sir?" said the Rustic, not a little bewildered.

"The Language Movement.—It leads towards thought dreamland — mystery — shadows a — a — — The Language Movement, y' know?" And the stranger stopped.

"Och! by dad, then, it is so!" said the Rustic. "I didn't know what ye meant a while ago, sir. But the Language is goin' ahead finely here, so it is. Short since an' I thought 'twas lost altogether — that is if I thought at all of it. but——"

"He thinks — he thinks! Oh!! if he would only dream!!! Dreamers we want. Dreamers of the wistful echoes and white-bearded war-gods of the withered ages of the world's childhood!"

"Dramers, is it, sir?" said the Rustic simply; "Father Patt said 'tis the workers we want."

"Father Patt! Who is Father Patt?" asked the Stranger.

"The curate, sir. The curate," said the Rustic, and then as if anxious to talk a piece of common sense, continued quickly: "'Tis eight year now since the right spirit was put into us first by a young man o' these parts, an' Father Patt kept it alive an' prosperin' till the Bishop changed him a fortnight ago—

"A young man who came from the Cave of Knowledge with the East wind——"

"No! thin, he did not," corrected the Rustic "He was a son of Brian O'Ciarain, over from Tubber-na-mban, an' a fine boy he was, God bless him!"

"Ah! proceed, friend," said the Stranger disappointedly.

"Art O'Ciarain was a grand boy, sir. You'd see him o' a fine summer morning, walkin' be the river side an' a book under his arm, an' one or two distributed in each o' his pockets, an' there's no knowin' what compliment o' books he carried about him. He read, an' read, an' read! Oh! he was full o' learnin', an' sure maybe that was the reason himself an' Father Patt were such great friends, for 'tis many a fine evenin' I saw thim argufyin' an' gesticulatin' over the road beyond the chapel till, God forgi' me for sayin' it, I used to think the priest 'ud fall to beatin' him! Sure 'tis only a discussion they'd have, an' they'd come back the best o' friends, an' jokin' together. Och! they were the grand pair, an' I used to delight in thinkin' o' thim and wishin' there were many like thim."

"Ah!" interjected the Stranger "he, thinks he wishes, and *will* dream. He peers into the shadows of the dim past. He is wistful towards the dubious future! Go on, friend, pray proceed!" And the Stranger was glad. The poor Rustic drew a deep breath,—something akin to a sigh, and "proceeded:"

“Well, one day young Art come up to myself an’ says he in Irish,—he was great at Irish, ‘book-Irish’ an’ every soart.—‘Seumas,’ says he, ‘isn’t it a great pity that there’s no right spirit in the boys o’ the parish? I was thinkin’ a long time o’ it,’ says he, ‘an’ knew if only we could get a hand from the priests, we’d do wonders. The poor P.P. is too ould to do anything but sympathize — an’ he’ll do *that* an’ welcome,—but the Curate!—*He* talked o’ bread-an’ butter, an’ shop-keepin’ an’ book-keepin’ an’ geography an’ emigration, an’ theory, an’ practice, but,’ says Art, ‘at the end o’ five strong weeks o’ argification, I bet him, an’ now he wants to meet the hurlers to-night at the school-house. Be there yourself Seumas,’ says he, ‘an’ tell all the boys you can, ‘an’ off with him one way to tell more, an’ I rambled over to Cnoc-naleasa to spread the news.

“That night we all come to the school, an’ up gets the Curate an’ makes a thunderin’ fine speech. ‘We must be Irish,’ says he, ‘Irish or nothing.’ He said he was makin’ a mistake all his life, an’ ’twas only the other day young Art O’Ciarain made him see the error o’ his ways. ‘I see it now,’ says the Curate, ‘an’ if I can, I’ll say a few words o’ Irish next Sunday, an’ I give you my word to start at once learnin’ the ould language o’ the grand saints an’ warriors o’ ould —”

“Ay! Ay! and the chain-mailed war-gods!” said the Stranger, unable to restrain himself.

"Father Patt made no mention o' thim, sir!" said the Rustic, and in his enthusiasm continued. "After that young Art got up and made a speech, an' we gave him a mighty cheer, for well we knew he was at the root of it all. Most o' us didn't expect any good 'ud come o' the whole thing, but all the same we all came an' whin we heard Father Patt, an' saw Art O'Ciarain's smilin' face an' bright eyes——"

"Yes, mysterious eyes! Eyes of dreams and visions of hope. Proceed!"

"Whin we heard an' saw what was goin' on our hearts were touched an' our spirits woke up, an' we cheered an' cheered again. Young Art spoke to us in English. 'Friends,' says he, 'are ye English or Irish? If ye're English, in the name o' God give up callin' yourselves Irish; an' if ye're Irish, begin to be really Irish, an' begin now. Here now,' says he, 'I'll ask ye to take a sort o' a pledge to speak nothing but Irish on the hurlin' field for the future! Don't be praising or blamin' your fellow hurlers in a foreign language,' says he, 'but do it in the old tongue o' your own land, an' begin after Mass next Sunday,' We all shouted we would — except ould Liam Connors, an' he's hard o' hearin', the crature, an' didn't know half all that was goin' on — besides he's 75 or so! The followin' Sunday we began; an' if you were to hear the hurlers forgettin' themselves an' shoutin' 'Dash — um *fear a* Mike!'"

Good man *go deo thu*, a Dick!' But after a couple o' Sundays we got into the Irish, an' what's more, we stuck to it, too.!"

The Stranger seemed not to follow the story. He was looking "towards where the golden chariot glided among the whispering cloudlets." The Rustic did not notice the abstractedness of the other, but continued:

"Well, after a whileen, we had a little class, an' learned to read an' write Irish, an' we had singin' an' dancin', an' so on. But if you knew how Art would work us up — puttin' townland against townland. "Dunard leads this week!" he'd say; "Stir up, Cnocbán!" an' sure enough Cnocbán would stir up an' lead the followin' week. Thats' how he got us on, an' whin he left us to go back to college, for he was a collegian, you know, sir — we kept on ourselves and Father Patt along with us. He made fine headway with the Irish, an' he kept the spirit alive in us, too — an, troth many of us wanted that, for there were *staigini* here as well as every where else.

"Sure whin young Art come back, his heart was glad to see us all houldin' on so well at the language, an' Father Patt preachin' sermons that 'ud convert the divil himself if he could understand thim—which he couldn't. 'Seumas,' says Art one day to me, 'coming back among ye is like comin' into the fresh air out o' a coal-mine.' 'Irish mustn't be prosperin' everywhere as it is here, Art,' says I, with a wink. 'I suppose it isn't,' says he,

'but that needn't trouble *us*; we must go on,' says he, 'an' I have a new plan to try with ye this time.' He did try it, an' it *was* a great thing! Every Sunday evenin' after Benediction, we'd all gather in the school, an' Father Patt 'ud take the chair, an' thin there 'ud be a debate on some homely question that everyone knew something about. One time 'twould be 'Seed-potatoes,' another, 'The Tax on Tobaccy,' an' the like. After a whileen the ould women itself began comin' in, an' thin once they'd begin to talk, he'd be a great man entirely that ud get a word in. One night the tay question was on, an' the women kept the floor the whole time. Poor Father Patt gave up all hope o' stoppin' thim, an' at last unbeknown stole away home an' left thim there bargain' away to their heart's content. But faix, he made provision to prevent the like happenin' again.

"Things wint on be degrees. We began to see things for ourselves an' to talk about what 'ud benefit us. There was that ould mill you saw awhile ago, sir; it was idle for nigh on sixty years. Well, a few o' the farmers and the priests joined together, an' there it is grindin' away, an' givin' employment to six or eight min the year round. Ay, faix, we're goin' on nicely now, an' we're only in the beginnin' o' it.—I'm goin' over this *boithrin*, sir, so we must be partin.' I'm sure you're tired o' my ramblin' talk, but I can't help talkin' whinever I think o' Art. I

didn't talk so much English since I was at Ennis fair last March! Look, sir! Do you see the chapel yard our this?" asked the Rustic.

"Clearly, quite clearly!" said the Stranger.

"Do you see the tall priest, walkin' up an' down readin' his office?"

"I do. Yes, I see him, a young man," said the Stranger.

"Well, sir," said the Rustic with conviction, "that's the best priest in Ireland! It will do you good to go down an' have a talk with Father Art O'Ciarain, our new Curate in place o' Father Patt!"

"God bless him!" said the Stranger.

"An' sind us more like him!" said the Rustic.

And so they parted, and the Rustic thought the stranger was a very queer man, but that there was hope for him.

* * * * *

"There's no Fr. Art 'Anything' in our diocese," said I to Fr. O'Hara.

"Can't I call m——" I had caught him. He blushed to the roots of his hair for he had given himself away.

"The whole thing is imaginary" he added trying to save himself.

“ANOTHER CHAT.”

“**R**ATHER peculiar fellows they did got on the District Council last year,” I remarked. “I didn’t take particular notice of it till lately.”

“Some of them,” was the laconic reply of Fr. O’Hara.

“Well I know a good many and honestly I don’t see how any decent man could have given one of them a vote.”

“I don’t think it’s likely to occur again. It all resulted from a joke of some of the boys here,— a thoughtless joke it was too, but unfortunately for the Electoral Divisions of the Cathermore Union, the boys in other places followed suit. Still there are enough of good men on the board to prevent much damage being done. By the way don’t blame the voters; they are not responsible as there was no contest, at least — here.”

“Then there should be a contest!” said I.

“You must ask Ned Sheehan about that.” and he laughed.

“I won’t bother.”

“Why do you bother then by asking me?” he said. “But that’s Irish all over no pains taken to obtain anything, even information,— I should have excepted jobs, for ’pon my word there’s some trouble and something else taken there.”

“What on earth do you mean?”

"I alluded merely to an imported custom — Yes I think 'twas Lord Castlereagh imported it in 1800 or 1801."

"I see now what you're driving at. Well thank God it is not very common in Ireland."

"I know of it in only one or two places, but they will give a bad name to the whole. That ought not be allowed you know."

"And then from the one or two places the custom may grow."

"Even if it does not," said Fr. O'Hara, "to use a pet phrase of mine one or two is one or two too many. If respectable men, I don't mean 'respectable' to denote the family tree business, but men of character and courage, be elected that curse, as evil, I should say, as intemperance, would be for ever weeded out because it is not of native growth. I do not mean that poor farmers or tradesmen should not be elected. A poor man who is worthy has as much right to expect election as his rich neighbours, and more than a landlord, rich or poor.— Now I want to tell you something," and he came close to me. "I feel I am acquiring a lot of grit and go,— you'll call it conceit, I suppose,— since I saw a couple of these efforts I gave you in a magazine. I don't know how many were rejected as you never told me anything about them either way, and I'm not going to inquire; but just now I will venture one that will, I dare to hope, do good, if read in the spirit in which it is written, or bring

a storm about my anonymous head if my intentions are wrongly construed.

You understand our selection of Councillor here was a farce. Well I want to call special attention to its result, though it is commonly known it is not fully realized and, at the risk of being accused of stage-Irishmanism — an “ism” that I heartily abominate — I ask you to do with this account of our election and its result as you have done with the others.”

“By the way I have a little surprise for you,” I said, “you need not worry about the expense of your next change of residence”.

He smiled and his eyes brightened that his stories besides doing good were considered by editors to have a monetary value.

“Is that so! well I’m very glad, not do much on account of the money itself, but the satisfaction of knowing someone set value on the ‘glimpses.’ ’Tis too bad, though,” he said “with a laugh that it should be spent on furniture breaking.”

“AN 'PURTY CARICATURES THEY
ARE, IN TROTH.”*

“**W**OR you at second Mass to-day, Murty?” It was Ned Sheehan that spoke to our old friend. Ned was “a man with a grievance;” he always had something or other to complain of.

“No, thin, I wasn’t,” replied Murty. “I wint to firsht Mass, as hersel’ wanted to see some o’ the Larkins o’ Tubbercloran, and wint to second. Why d’ye ax?”

“Because this counthry is goin’ to the dickens, Murty, and you may take my word for *that!*”

“If it isn’t gone there already, Ned, as I often tould ye,” said Murty.

“God save ye both!” and Matt Reardon came up to where the two were talking.

“God save ye kindly, Matt!” said Murty and Ned almost in the same breath.

“What’ll we do wut the crops this year at all, I dunno? The weather is rotten bad, so it is, glory be to God!” and Matt looked at the leaden skies.

“Bedad! ’tis as bad for wan as another, Matt,” replied Murty, “an’ we musht be satisfied till God sends us betther.”

“Tell me, Matt,” interrupted Ned, “wor *you* at second mass to-day?”

“Why d’ye ax me that, Ned?”

“But wor *ye*?” repeated Ned.

"'Tis at Kilcronan I was. But why d'ye ax?"

"Faix! he axed me the same question," said Murty, "an' I didn't hear of anything, a-nayther. To be sure, I saw a notice on the gate goin' in o' me, but, to tell the truth, I didn't take the throuble to read it."

"Well," said Ned, with a long-drawn sigh, "I'm despairin' o' me counthry intirely! I read that notice, an' waited afther Mass to see the represintation o' me district given to an ould non-inity o' a crature that hasn't as much learnin' as ud write his name, nor two dacint feet to put undher him!"

"*Muiseadh*, who's the purty caricature you're describin'," asked Murty, with a grin. He well knew Ned's weakness for grievances, and that he was never so miserably happy, to use an apparent paradox, as when he was recounting one.

"Divil o' the likes o' it ever ye heard in all yer born days! *You* saw the notice on the chapel gate, Murty? Well, that was an invitation to all an' sundry that afther Mass they'd select a District Councillor for Clochfada, in your place, Matt—for Jamesey Gagan, that was co-opted afther you, an' was elected last year, wouldn't hould the position agin for love or money. They wor goin' round to this wan an' that wan to go on, but nobody was willin'. Your own name, Matt, was mentioned agin an' agin, but I told thim 'twas no use, as I knew yer sinti-

mints. Thin Billy Graley's son come over to me — the lad that got the land the time o' 'the dividin.'"

" "'Tis as well for yoursel' to take it, Ned," says he.

" "No!" says I. 'I have more since,' says I"

"That was a quare thing to say, whin you look into it," remarked Murty.

"Shtop now, Murty, wan minit," said Ned, and continued:—

" "Arrah! do!," says Billy's son, in a coaxin' way, 'you'd be a great man in it. Go an in,' says he.

" "I won't, I tell ye," says I, 'an' there's the ind of it!"

" "Ah! do," says he, an' a grin on one side o' his face, 'you'd have a great chance to vint all your grievances in the Boordroom,' and away wud him before I could give him a sweet answer. Bedad! 'tis a quare thing that these young hayros ud come up to any dacint man an' give him ould guff like that! 'Twouldn't be taken from us whin we wor youngsther."

"But who tuk it?" asked Matt, interestedly. He meant of course, the "representation."

"Who tuk it, is it? Hould an till ye hear! Over wut me boyo, Billy's son, an' wint laughin' and whisperin' wut a lot o' the Lisheen lads, that got land, too, and before the sinsible min could say 'Yis,' 'Aye,' or 'No,' up wut him to *Seumaisin* Hooley, that

lame cripple o' a tailor from Gurteenban, and gives him a slap on the back.

"'Here's the man,' *adeir se*, 'to repre-sint Clochfada disthricht, an' I propose we put him in wut all the honours o' war.'

"'I second *that!*' says that *geancach* son o' Larry Hushian's.

"'Huroo, Huroo!' says them all, an' up they put the tailor on their shoulders, and out with him on the road, an' carried him half a mile down, shoutin' and laughin' all the time. He losht the *camog*, an' how he got home without the shtick bates me! Och! the country is goin' to the dickens — if it isn't gone there already, as you say, Murty!"

"'Well! that bates all I ever heard or seen before or since, so it does!' said Matt, most emphatically.

"'Arrah, sure! an' what differ does it make who they put in?'" said Murty.

"'Hah! maybe you'd know that, Murty, when that red *spriosan* from Derraban comes wut his 'God-save-all-here' to gather the rates,'" said Ned.

"'Thrue for ye, so it is!'" said Matt.

"'Well, now, my way of lookin' at the thing is this,'" exclaimed Murty. "'There's only a few honesht, intelligint min takin' any interesht in this business, so the besht thing to to is to let thim put in lads like Hooley, an' whin the counthry sees a whole '*Boordroom of these purty caricatures*' managin' the affairs o' the world, 'twill wake up and do the right

thing! An' purty caricatures they are, in troth!"

"But tell me [this!]" said Matt. "Why didn't ye put in a good man when the young lads wor gone?"

"Arrah, Matt, *a stoir* !! Have a bit o' common sinse! Do ye think any self-respectin' individual ud put up his name agin an ignorant, lame *ceolan* like *Seumaisin* Hooley? A man that wint searchin' the parish for a sheep because he wasn't able to count up to tin, 'Three an' three is six — an' four is nine,' '*deir se*, 'wan short,' and off wut him — hop-an'-go-wan with his lame step — lookin' for a sheep that was safe an' sound wut the rest in his own field! I tell you," and this was very emphatic, "the rates 'll be hot an' heavy if the likes o' him has the tottin' up o' thim. Contest, indeed! an' have the expense o' an election. Besides these young lads have votes, and ud put in *Seumaisin* just for the divilmint o' the thing."

"Well, as I said before, that bates all I ever heard or seen," said Matt.

"It does so," said Murty, "but sure what's the differ?"

Ned looked at him.

"Well there, let thim, if that's all you care," said he.

"Och!! *Muiseadh* there let thim," said Murty.

"Good evenin' to you, said Ned.

* * * * *

The selection of *Seumaisin* Hooley, by Cloch-

fada, was lamented by the older people, but to others it was a source of much amusement. The worst of it was that some of "the lads that got land" in other places, not to be beaten by Clochfada, looked out for other "caricatures," as Murty called them, and selected them, "just for the fun of it." They never thought of the serious side of the business at all, but judging the work of the boardroom by the reports in the *Ballyoran Watchman* forgot the expenditure of money involved, that these "purty caricatures" were the guardians of the poor and the protectors of the health of the Union, if only they concientiously enforced the sanitary laws,

The young men acted thoughtlessly, and as a result, many of the type of *Seumaisin* Hooley found themselves members of the *Cathermore* District Council.

At the first meeting of the "Boord" a scene of the wildest disorder was witnessed. The 'sensible min,' who had come there to honestly look to the interests of the people, found themselves hampered on every side by the "purty caricatures".

The first business that occupied the attention of the "Boord" was the election of the Chairman, who also would be a "J.P." *ex officio*.

Mr. Charley O'Connor, a very well-to-do intelligent farmer, and a thoroughly upright man, was duly proposed and seconded. No opposition was expected by his supporters,

but they counted without the "caricatures." These had a grievance. Around O'Connor hung the odour of landlordism, for was not his father manager to Landley, who had not yet agreed "to sell to the Commissioners?" That was, enough for the new councillors — O'Connor was a landlord's man, and "a tinants' man should have his chance now," and so they elected Thady Casey, of Kilcronan, whose character is summed up in his own famous phrase:

"I want no new-fangled idayes walloped in here on top o' us, for whin there wasn't half the knowledge, nor half the dochtors in the counthry, there wasn't half the disaises nor technicology nor bother in it that's goin' now!"

Thady belonged to the "what-was-good enough-for-me-father-is-good-enough-for-me" type, and now here he was — Chairman of the District Council, and a magistrate "wut a place on the Binch beside the besht o' thim."

Soon the business of the Council got into full swing. The "purty caricatures" (the nickname had now become well known) did not at first "know the ropes" well enough, and the old councillors did things in the good old stereotyped fashion. "The state o' the house," "Refractory inmates," "The Master's report," "Complaints of the staff," "Leaves of absence," with a few "strong russolutions" thrown in here and there, were the general run of work.

There was stir on "tindher day." Canvass-

ing by those wanting contracts had taken place, and it was surprising what a full and interested muster of councillors there was.

"Isn't it specified in the advertisement," asked Peter Flynn, "that as far as possible Irish manufacture only must be supplied.

"Yes, it was so stated," said the clerk.

"Hould an there now," *Seumaisin* Hooley put in. "D'ye keep down the rates at all coshts, an' take the chapest?"

"That's the chat," said Tommy Haley.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said Charley O'Connor, "taking Irish manufacture doesn't mean raising the rates. It means in nine cases out of ten you're getting better value—sometimes, perhaps, at a trifle more, than the foreign article, but still cheaper because better, and, therefore, I say, that instead of raising the rates, you are really saving money in the long run."

Such reasoning was lost on the "caricatures;" so it happened that material of foreign make was in great part accepted by the council, while on their books, proposed, seconded, and passed unanimously, stood a resolution pledging them to support, where possible, Irish manufacture,—an inconsistency in theory and practice that was a standing disgrace to the majority of that board. They felt no meaner for it, nor did their constituents bring them to task for it. It is to be feared that *Cathermore* is not the only place where such inconsistencies exist, and more's the pity of it!

* * * * *

One Saturday towards the end of September the Council met. "The Caricatures" were well into their work by this time, and furthermore were disputing every progressive step, for themselves and their view-point were old-world. At the beginning of business the clerk announced:—

"I have received a resolution, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, which was adopted at a meeting of the medical men of the county, and they ask you to adopt it also, in the interests of the health of the community."

"What soart o' lads made up that resolution?" asked *Seumaisin* Hooley, D.C.

"It was adopted at a meeting of the doctors of the county," explained the clerk.

"Don't mind it," said *Seumaisin*, "thim dochthors are only throwin' dusht in our eyes invintin' new idayes an' new disaises every other day, an' puttin' the people 'through an' thro' with bother an' expinse, an' that 's all. Throw it aside, d'ye!"

"That's the chat!" said Tommy Haley. "Mr. Hooley is right, an' we shouldn't heed the likes at all, at all."

"Well, we might have it read at any rate," suggested Charley O'Connor, "and if it is worth adopting, by all means do so."

"Hear, hear," from some.

"Let the clerk read it thin and be quick," said the chairman, "but there's no sinse in it, I'm sure. 'Tis a washte o' time, for I have a ressolution here mesel' callin' on the Chief

Saycretary to give us Home Rule, an' 'twill have a more far reachin' effect than this wan." To the Clerk:—"Go and wut it, Mr. Hagerty."

"Proposed by Dr. Moylan, seconded by Dr. MacSharry, and unaminoulsy adopted,' read the clerk. 'That this meeting is strongly of opinion that one of the first steps towards the prevention of consumption and other diseases is the proper attention to the sanitary laws in regard to the dwellings and premises throughout the country; and we most respectfully ask the various District Councils to enforce the law in the case of any house or premises brought under their notice as being unfit for habitation.' That's the resolution, gentlemen, and they desire you to bind yourselves to enforce the sanitary laws in your district."

"Mark that read!!" said the Chairman.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Chairman," said Dr. MacSharry, one of the Medical Officers of the Union, who was present. "That I believe to be a most important ——"

"Look here, Dochthor," said the chairman "isn't yersel' the sanitary inspector?"

"Indeed no, I am the sanitary officer. The relieving Officer is the sanitary inspector. He reports to me, I to you, and then you enforce the law."

"No matther," said the chairman, "*we'll mark that read!*"

"One moment, Mr. Chairman," said the

doctor, "the resolution is to safeguard the people themselves, and is a most progressive step towards ——"

"What authority have you to spake here for or agin any russulation, I say?" questioned Mr. Hooley.

"That's the chat!" blurted Tommy Haley.

"We'll manage this matther ourselves, Dochther, don't be afeard," said the chairman. "The proper thing is to mark it read. *Mark that read!* Mr. Hagerty."

"Well now, pardon me, Mr. Chairman," Charley O'Connor spoke seriously and with determination. "No one can question my right to speak here, and we cannot let this matter pass so easily as you and some of your friends imagine. I favour the opinion of Dr. MacSharry, that this resolution is an important one, and I believe a step towards the solution of a very difficult problem, and so I have great pleasure in proposing its adoption by the council." (Hear, hear).

"I'm a plain counthry man," said Phil Ryan, a progressive farmer, "an' as I see the need o' something in the line o' that resollution I second Mr. O'Connor." ("Hear, hear, from a few.)

On a division the resolution was defeated by fifteen votes to eleven, *Seumaisin* Hooley leading the opposition. When the result was declared and when the applause(!) that greeted it had died away, Mr. O'Connor remarked:—

"It makes little matter, anyhow, as it would be a dead letter with ye. Ye would not have backbone enough to enforce it!"

"Ordher there, you musht withdraw thim words!" said the chairman.

"That's the ——" was on the lips of Tommy Haley when Mr. O'Connor remarked:

"I cannot withdraw the truth!" and then left the boardroom. Most of the other ten that had voted for the resolution followed, as well as the three medical officers who were present.

"Consumption, and typhus, and thypoid will cut out all the Irish speakers," remarked the young enthusiast, Dr. Brennan, when they were outside. "Irish will be killed outright. and all through putting *amadhauns* on the Council! *Go sabhalaidh Dia an tir seo!*" Without another word he went away, sad and disappointed, for till then he had some hope for his country.

Dr. MacSharry and Dr. Moylan were engaged in earnest conversation for a time. When they parted one could see in MacSharry set face that some course of action had been determined upon.

It was so, for next board day the house of no less a personage than *Seumaisin* Hooley, "Esquire," D.C., was reported as unfit for human habitation! Dr. MacSharry's evidence was so strong that the Council, much against its will, had to call on *Seumaisin*, who, by the way was not present, to correct the nuisance,

otherwise he would be proceeded against. The Doctor was surprised at his success. He would now proceed in like manner with the other opponents of the resolution who happened to live in his district and whose premises were in bad order. Dr. Moylan would also do his part. Between them they had agreed to that, and MacSharry had volunteered to begin, as he had no fear for his popularity. He was an openhearted, kindly, honest man, attentive to rich and poor alike —(the others were straightforward, indeed, too but, possibly, were not so kindly). The people knew well his worth, and in their own way showed their appreciation. They were already tiring of the “purty caricature” class of councillor, and the Doctor knew it. He would have public opinion on his side, anyway, against Hooley, even though some of his backers well knew their own turns must soon come.

But his success was short lived. *Seumaisin* settled the matter nicely for himself. He canvassed mightily among his friends on the Council, and next board-day they thronged in and solemnly rescinded the work of the preceeding week, and exonerated Hooley from all further responsibility.

Dr. MacSharry must have felt grievously insulted at some of the things that were said at the meeting, but knowing the true value of the speakers, that the intelligent men were with him, and that possibly the eyes of the

people would be opened by this glaring abuse of power, he resolved to take no notice but let the matter drop, for the present at least.

* * * * *

"*Muiseadh!* Mr. Glynn, an' is that yersel'?"

"'Tis so, Mrs. Carney, an' how are you? Did the dochthor come yet?"

Mrs. Carney was caretaker of Brandara Dispensary, as it was situated in a room of her house.

"I'm very well, thank you, considerin' sir an' he didn't come yet, but he won't be long now. Come in an' have a hate o' the fire while you're waitin'. There's ne'er a wan 'ithin but young Mr. Hilliard. Come an in!"

"God save all here!" said Murty, as he entered.

"God save you, Murty!" said Dick, rising to meet his best friend. "I hope there's nothing the matter with you?"

"Not a bit, thanks be to God! but little Ellen has a sore throat, an' we thought 'twas stayin' with her too long, so I rambled up to ax the dochtor to come down the house. Is there anything the matter with yourself, Dick? Bedad, you're lookin' well, whatever."

"Oh," laughed Dick, "I'm only coming to ask him down for a day's shooting next week. To-day is wet, you know, and there was nothing in paticular to be done at home."

"Fine times! Bedad, 'tis well for you," said Murty.

"By the way, Murty, is it true that the doctor and Hooley, the tailor, had a row? I'd like to know, as I want to humbug him about it."

"Och, thin! the principal witness is the besht warrant to give an account o' it. Ax Mrs. Carney, there?" and Murty gave a hearty laugh.

"Had they a row, Mrs Carney?"

"A row is it, Mr. Dick?" and she turned up the whites of her eyes at the very thought of it. "Wait antil I tell ye. Well, now, the Dispensary day, afther Hooley and the Dochthor (as nice a man as ye'd meet in a day's walk, the crature) had some words at the Boord, an' the same Hooley got lave from the Guardians to have his house as dirty as he plazed, in he comes here, pompous like, and he *half tore*, and he squares his elbows an' leaves his sthick on the table.

"Mrs. Carney?" says he, the same as if he never laid eyes an me before.

"The same," says I.

"I come in here," says he wut a roar, 'as a Disthrikt Councillor.'

'No matter what y'are,' says I, 'don't be makin' such nise, says I, 'for the Dochthor is leshenin' to Mike Delaney's lungs wut his telescope,' says I, 'an' don't want no nise, not as much as the buzzin' o' a fly,' says I.

'You an' the Dochthor may go be hanged!' says he.

'Hould that row there!' says the Dochthor, from the room beyant.

'Tarnation from his soul!' says Hooley, 'does he tell *me*, a Disthric Councillor, to hould that row?'

'He do,' says I, 'he do, Hooley,' says I, 'an' what's more, he'll make ye do his biddin', says I. 'Be this an' be that,' says I, 'he'll come out to ye, if ye don't whisht aisy!'

'Do ye know who ye'r spakin' to, ma'am?' says he. 'I'll have none o' yer impidince. I'll get the dispinsary our this! Gi' me none o' yer chat!' says he.

'I dar' ye,' says I. 'I'll get Father Dinnis on yer thrack, me boy, an' he'll take none o' *your* chat,' says I.

"Arrah! he lets wan screech out o' him and takes his *camog* an' bates a welt on the dispinsary doore, an' fires it open. *Ora!* if ye saw the eye the dochthor gives at him." And she turned up her eyes again and put her hands together.

'What's this for?' says the Dochtor.

'That's what 'tis for!' says Hooley. 'I come in here,' says he, 'to see that you're attindin' to yer jooty an' mindin' yer business, says he. 'I'm a Councillor,' says he, 'an' ye'r only a Dochthor!'

'Get out!' says the Dochthor, threatenin' like.

'Get on wut yer work now!' says Hooley, 'an' I'll see that ye do it proper!' Up he goes o' wan jump on the table and flung everything, the pock, an' the tooth-pinchers, an' the poundher, an' I don't know what else, o' wan 'rooloobaloo' on the floore. The Dochthor changed colour and drew his breath an' thin he says quietly:—

'Very well, me man. I'll lave ye there an' we'll *see*!' an' the poor man was goin' to walk out.

'What about me, Dochthor?' says poor, sick Mike Delaney.

'Can't help it,' says the Dochthor; 'you must come up to the house to me.'

'*Ora!* Dochthor, *a mhuirnin*,' says I, 'I'll go for the peelers!'

'No!' says he, 'Mrs. Carney, I'll settle this hayro. I could put him out if I liked,' says he.

'Could ye?' says the ould, lame cripple o' a tailor, an' he shakes his fisht in the Dochthor's face an' gives him a kick o' his lame fut in the shin. Wut that, the Dochthor cot him by the cape o' the jacket.

'If ye wor a dacint lookin' article itself,' says he, 'I'd have wan satisfacthory box at ye; but there,' says he, 'out ye'll go now!' an' he lifts him up an' gives a shake or two, an' thin carries him, scramin,' to the door an' gives him wan pitch into the middle o' the street.

'Be off!' says he.

'Glory, sir!' says I, and thin the Dochthor wint back to Mike Delaney, wut a smile on him; but sure the tailor wint squarin' on the street abroad, an' he offerin' him out to fight.

'There,' says I, 'if ye haven't enough?', an' I flung the ould *camog* he left after him, an' hot him across the two knees wut it.

'Take *that*,' says I, 'an' go home!'

"Och! thin he wint frantic mad intirely, an' who should be comin' up the road but Sergeant Henaghan, an' there an' thin up to the sergeant's nose, I 'timidated Hooley, an' sure only the Dochthor ran out, Hooley'd be marched off to the 'lock-up.'

'Don't mind him Sergeant,' says he, 'I have a crow to pluck with this lad yet, and he'll have enough o' it whin he's done wut me!'

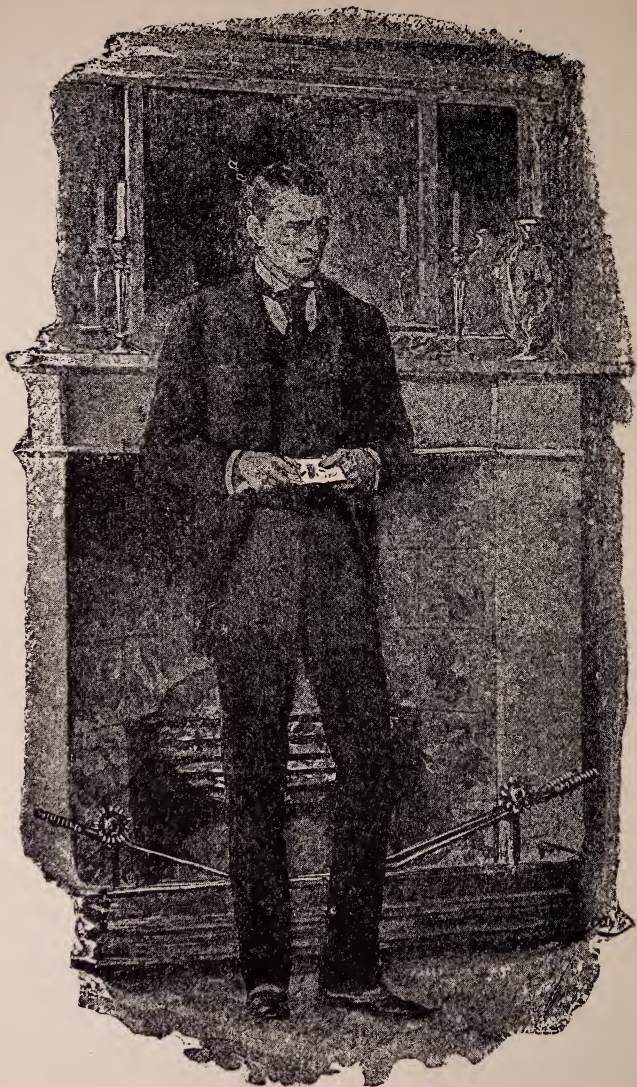
'Very well, Dochthor,' says the Sergeant, an' he gives Hooley a push. 'Go home quiet now,' says he, 'or 'twill be worse for ye!'

'An' faix! I tell ye, Hooley did.'

"That's simply awful," said Dick, "and what makes fellows like that so anxious to get elected?"

"Ah, thin," said Murty, with a wink, "you're young, but you'll learn!"

'Arrah, Mr. Dick! have sinse! Sure an' maybe 'tis well worth their while to get in," and Mrs. Carney gave a wise shake of her head. She had in her words and gesture ex-



DR. MACSHARRY EXAMINED HIS MOTIVES IN THE MATTER

plained the anxiety of some people to get elected on the Councils.

Just then the doctor came.

* * * * *

War was declared. Dr. MacSharry had made up his mind to act. He had beforehand examined his motives in the matter: "Was it vindictiveness, or really a desire to do good that urged him to take extreme measures against *Seumaisin* Hooley?" he asked himself again and again. At last he decided that since the country must be saved from the ravages of disease, and since the District Council had shirked its duty in regard to sanitary laws, extreme measures should be taken; and it was most fitting that the first object of his attack should be the chief opponent of progress, whose case would call public attention to itself, first, because he was a District Councillor himself, and secondly, because he was the owner of the dirtiest house and premises in the rural district! So *Seumaisin* Hooley was indicted "wansht more," as himself said.

The Council refusing to proceed against the aforesaid *Seumaisin* Dr. MacSharry had recourse to other measures.

He reported the case directly to the Local Government Board — (a foreign institution must protect us for our own sakes), — laying special emphasis on the Council's refusal to act, and immediately the District Inspector

of Police was instructed to make another independent report; this he did through the local Sergeant of Constabulary, Henaghan, whom we already know. This was in turn sent to the Local Government Board, and on its being approved, it only remained for the police authorities to apply to the magistrates sitting in Petty Sessions for power to prosecute, and the District Council could no longer interfere. By a majority of three to one — the one being the protesting Thady Casey, "Esquare," J. P., — who saw people "livin' in houses as bad if not worse, an' they wor alive. Mr. Hooley was an ould man enough, an'", his worship thought, 'a shtanding' testimony that the state o' his house was not unhealthy, but, on the contrary, perducin' to health." ("Hear, hear," in court). And Mr. Thady Casey pursed his lips, leaned back in his chair, looked at the crowd in court, and thought within himself that everyone he saw before him believed him to be what he was *not* (except in his own mind) a "foine fellow wut a lot o' foine common sinse in a level head!"

He didn't much mind being in a minority of one, as he had succeeded in making himself conspicuous, in showing himself a "defindher o' the wake," and in a broad, abstract way making an ass of himself generally, (though this last point escaped his worship's notice.)

'Twas vain, the case went against *Seumaisin* Hooley and he was ordered to rectify the causes of complaint before a month!

But *Seumaisin* let the whole matter slip by. "Not a ha'porth o' heed'll I give thim, lads. The council 'll sthand be me, an' the shareman too, an' the resht may go fwhishlin' for all I care!" and the month went by.

Seumaisin was a second time brought to court. Though the "shareman" was there, the case was not dismissed, but it was decided not to fine him, but give him one other month to "tidy up his place."

Before the month was up the unfortunate Hooley, was stricken down with diphtheria. His wife, an old half-stupid woman, was able to give him but poor attendance, and the neighbours, though showing their charity and kindness in a very practical manner, yet did not care about going into the house at all and thereby spreading the disease far and wide. Dr. MacSharry was the medical attendant, as *Seumaisin* lived in his district, and, to his credit be it said, was even more kind and generous to his old foe than to ordinary patients, just to prove he had not before acted vindictively. Yet he had to go one step further, and though he fully realised what Hooley's feelings would be, he ordered him removed to the Fever Hospital attached to the Cathermore Workhouse.

* * * * *

How very different Hooley's house was from the neat, lime washed, rose wreathed cottages about it?

The air in the room was heavy, and little light succeeded in getting through the dust-dimmed panes of the small window that had not been opened, at least within the memory of the traditional "oldest inhabitant." The earthen floor was damp, a broken-legged table, leaned for support against the wall, which, was smoked yellow and disfigured with long dirty lines of diluted soot extending from an indescribable ceiling to the floor. The bed, to say the least of it, could not be comfortable, there was no wash-stand, no basin, no towel-rail; the only clean article in the room was the chair, covered with a borrowed clean cloth, on which the Blessed Sacrament and Holy Oils had rested a short time before.

Father Dennis O'Dwyer did not wish to delay longer than necessary in the sick room, yet did not like to leave until he had tried to persuade stubborn Seumas Hooley to submit to the inevitable and avoid trouble by willingly obeying the doctor's orders.

"How on earth," he wondered, "can he prefer this squalor to a place where he will be cleanly and properly taken care of? It surpasses me, anyway."

"Better take the doctor's advice, Seumas," he said "and go."

"No, nor the divil a foot, beggin' yer reverence's pardon," replied Seumas weakly.

"And why?" asked the priest.

"That's the why," said Seumas, "and there it's now for you, sir."

"But what's the reason?" repeated Father O'Dwyer.

"A Hooley never died in the workhouse, Father," answered Seumas, "and, bedad, I won't be the first — an' — an' — an' — me a disthrict councillor, too. Arrah, have a bit o' sinse, Father."

Argument with such a man was useless, so the law had to take its course and a Hooley was compelled, for the first time in history, to go to the workhouse — and, greatest humiliation of all, to go in the "Poorhouse Car" — the last vehicle an Irishman desires to travel in — with the possible exception of a hearse.

"THE OLD PEW NEAR THE ALTAR."

"**T**HE O'Kellys," Murty Glynn told me, "wor as nice an' as dacint a family an' as good neighbours as ever lived in Clochfada. Full and plenty of everything they had, an' if they had itself, they had big hearts, an' never saw a neighbour in want. When hard times come an' left many's the one in poverty, the Kellys 'gave what they could spare, an' more, but they had the name o' great riches, an' no one thought, least of all thimselves, that one o' thim ud be depindin' on charity."

However the unexpected sometimes happens, an' it did in this case. One year the murrain killed almost all their cattle, an' before they could right thimselves something happened the sheep till there wasn't a ha'porth left on the land and thin in a couple o' years came the failure o' the crops an' be-tune one thing an' another, although the whole countryside lost in proportion, as much as thim, the O'Kellys wor as poor as the poorest. One after another the boys an' girls wor forced to emigrate, till at last, out o' the seven children they reared, but one remained to thim, the youngest son, an' a delicate boy he was too...

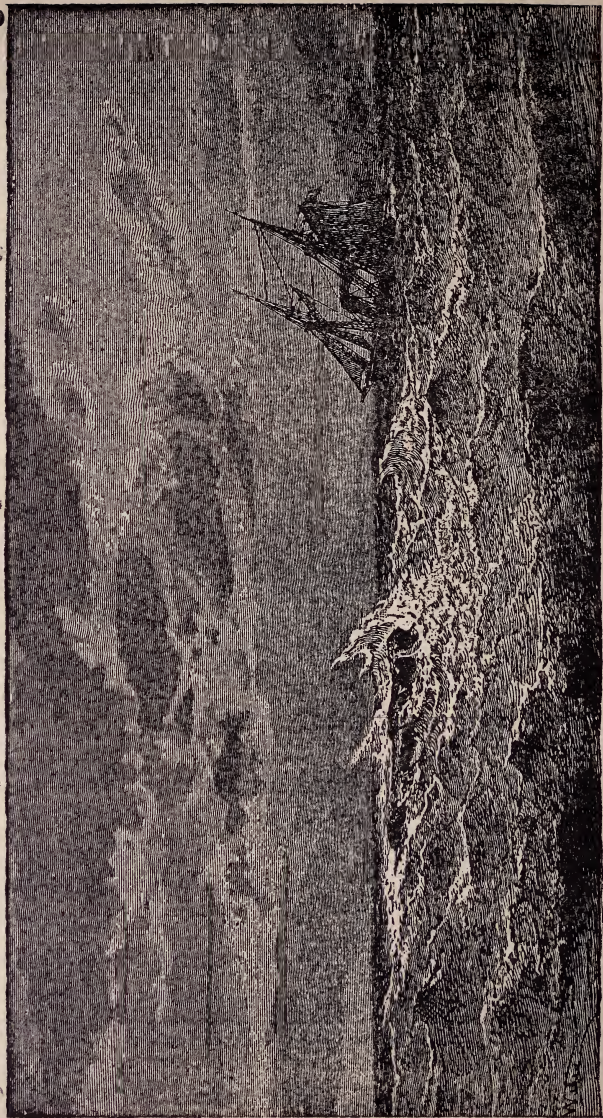
Year after year the number that sat in the family pew next the altar rail was comin' down, till instead o' the nine we used to see

there wor only three; two of thim too ould to begin to build their fortunes all over agin, an' one too sickly to take any great interest in work.

Still an' all the rint was got together somehow, an' even yet the little they had was ginerously shared, though no one knew the struggle that was made to have that little. An' durin' all the years, down to the time I'm spakin' of, the Kellys drove to Mass every Sunday an' holiday, an' whin they wor poor an' reduced, an' whin one car could carry all that was left o' thim, they did the same thing, always arrivin' twinty minutes before the time to give 'herself' a chance to 'do' the Stations o' the Cross, an' 'himself' an opportunity to have a talk with the people from the other side o' the parish, an' to let Jim — that was the son — put the horse up in Duffy's yard.

John O'Kelly was the most respected man in the parish, an' he deserved it; he was one o' the few that wor hardly ever addressed by their Christian names but as 'Mr.' an' 'Sir', so you can know what notice we always took o' thim an' how everyone missed thim whin one Sunday, their pew was impty.

"I felt very lonesome at Mass to-day, Murty," says ould Mrs. Flynn to me. "Nayther Mr. O'Kelly nor herself not the son wor in it, an', mind you, it had a great effect on me. I hope nothing sarious kept them at home?"



"MISFORTUNE HAD PUT THE WILD OCEAN BETWEEN THEMSELVES AND SIX OF THEIR CHILDREN."

"Troth thin, I tell you, ma'am," says I, "that it must be something sarious for no small rayson ud keep John O'Kelly from Mass."

An' it was something sarious. Jim, the only boy at home with thim, got a wettin' at the fair o' Ballyoran an' thin betune standin' about all day in the rain, an' neglectin' to change his clothes whin he come home, he felt in a bad way an' midday on Friday he had to take to his bed. Sunday mornin' the mother found him tossin' about in a fever an' he ravin'. Nayther o' thim could think o' lavin' the house, an' that was the first time I ever remimber o' their losin' Mass. They got the priest an' sent for the doctor so quietly that no one of us knew a bit about their trouble — except the immediate neighbours.

But sure soon we all knew it. The boy's health was always so poor that he never rallied an' on the followin' Friday we buried him in Killeira. May God rest his soul!

The father and mother were very lonely. They were both far beyond middle age, an' misfortunes had put the wide ocean betune themselves an' six o' their children an' God had taken the seventh. Not one was left to look after or help thim.

Still they struggled on somehow, but the strain was too great for one o' thim an' just two years afterwards John O'Kelly was a widower all alone in the big farm house once so full o' life an' fun, an' on Sunday he sat by himself in the old pew next the rails!

Hundreds an' hundreds o' pounds had John himself paid in rint since he become owner an' sure 'tis in thousands what his forefathers paid before him must be counted: I suppose the amount o' money given to the landlord by the O'Kelly's ud have bought the place out over an' over agin; yet because a lone ould man let a few year's arrears slip up an' because a stranger from the next county offered a higher price than he used to pay, O'Kelly found himself thrown on the mercies o' the world. 'Tis no wonder we have a land question to settle in Ireland.

Many wor blamin' the children for not comin' home before the last blow fell but John himself often told me that he never let on to thim how poorly he was for, says he, "they're all married an' maybe have enough o' care o' their own. 'Tisn't right to ax any o' thim to break up their own home for unless they have a bit o' money saved they have nothing to start on here but the bare land an' the house; an' money can't be picked up on the streets in America no more than in Ireland."

It often occured to myself to write to the the eldest boy, an' tell him the whole story, but I didn't like somehow to be considered meddlesome — though many's the time since I regretted not doin' so.

But at last when he was homeless an' depindin on the neighbours an' frinds for the bite he ate, he up an' told the children him-

self, an' sure by return post he got his passage an' a tidy sum from thim, an' the offer o' *six* homes as long as he lived. You see there was no use in any o' thim comin' home now as there was a stranger in their place. Poor O'Kelly was almost heartbroken. It was his greatest wish to die where the O'Kellys for ginerations had died. an' mingle his clay with theirs in Killeira.

I can scarcely get myself to talk o' the last Sunday he wint to Mass here before he sailed. He stood for a whileen lookin' at the ould pew, polished with age an' battered an' notched, an' all over it the names of O'Kellys, scraped with horsenails, or pin-knives when they wor too young to think o' where they wor. He stood there a full minute thinkin' o' happy days gone by, thinkin', o' the good wife that sat there beside him an' o' the children an' his own father an' mother an' brothers an' sisters. It recalled thim all to his mind an' the big tears blinded him. He rubbed his hand gintly on the back of the seat an' was turnin' away when a second thought struck him, an' he stooped and kissed the support in front where his poor wife, God rest her! use to lean her hands whin she'd be sayin' the Rosary. Thin with his head bowed down he wint out, an' though almost every man woman an' child shook his hand an' said 'God speed', I don't believe he heard or saw one o' thim. He wint back the road with the frinds that had

taken him in, an' next day started for the Cove."

"What about the grabber that took his farm?" I asked.

"He didn't thrive an' he didn't deserve to." said Murty. "He came a stranger an' remained a stranger, for not one frind did he make till he gave it up five years later. He left an' then the green fields o' the O'Kellys became a grazin' farm an' their home a herd's house till the commissioners purchased the property."

* * * * *

The late Very Reverend Parish Priest by his will left all he died possessed of—except some legacies for masses,—for the improvement and repair of the Church of Clochfada, in which he had served God for so many years. One of the improvements that almost immediately took place was the removal of all the old private pews — there were only a few of them indeed,—and putting rather handsome seats over the whole floor space. As now there was accomodation for everybody the private ownership of pews gradually disappeared until in less than a year it was almost forgotten. Of the cumbersome old things that had served before some were sold, some burned, and a few stored in the parochial barn.

Imagine my surprise when a few Sundays ago happening to look down while

arranging the chalice on the altar before Mass, I saw that one of the new, good-looking seats was removed, and one of the old unsightly benches, notched and scraped and covered with initials, in its place. I said nothing at the time, but I made up my mind to look into the matter later on. As I was about to 'vest' I heard some little commotion in the church. The sacristy door was open and I looked out. The people who were in the passage-way seeking vacant seats were hastily crushing aside to make way for a fine, stately, white haired, old gentleman who was coming up the aisle. He advanced almost to the altar rails and without lifting his eyes off the ground genuflected, then for the first time he noticed that he was at the old pew,—the only old one in the church. He gazed steadily at it for a moment then threw himself upon it and sobbed as if his heart would break. It was John O'Kelly back to his own again,

I in my reservedness did not know the explanation of what had occurred until Murty Glynn told me later. Mr. O'Kelly was being restored as an evicted tenant and when some of the men, his old companions, heard it, they got a few young fellows to put back his own old pew, which happened to be one of those in the priest's barn. This the young fellows did and for fear there should be any objection on the part of the clergy they acted with the greatest secrecy.

They regretted their action however when they saw O'Kelly's sorrow renewed, but he was glad and thankful that they did it; so much so that he begged it to be left there in its old place as long as he lived; and there it is yet, and every Sunday John O'Kelly occupies it with his second son, his wife and their children who as soon as their own affairs were fixed up beyond the water had come home to the old man.

"WHAT RUNS IN THE BLOOD."*

SEUMAS O'DALY was "well-off" He possessed a nice piece of land besides a good fishing boat, and then, he was "half-shares" in a second boat with Michael Mor Mac a Bháird. That was an arrangement that suited him well, for Seumas had no help. Poor Eibhlin was dead, and left him their little son Cronan to love and work for, and, if God willed it so, to be his helper in a few years. He was "well-off"; and, though he felt keenly Eibhlin's loss, he was was happy in his child. His widowed sister kept house for him and looked after his little son, and he worked and saved that he might have something to leave when God called him to Himself.

Micheál Mor was poor. He had a large family too, but they were able and willing to work. The sons manned the two boats for the half-share in one and they earned from Seumas as well by labouring on his farm. So the arrangement suited them also; they were all satisfied, and lived side by side in such mutual friendship that one family paid as much attention to the interests of the other as though they were of one household.

Four years passed by. Little Cronan was growing quickly and could soon go to school, He was a good sort, full of life and spirit,

*By kind permission of Ed. 'C. F. M.'

and hardy as the son of O'Daly should be. He was the idol of his father; everything he did was right, according to the latter, and Cronan spent a happy childhood free from punishment and restraint. When his school-days began, his father seemed to be even more deeply interested in him. At night he would watch him prepare his lessons for the morrow, and as he smoked by the fireside, he would rest his chin on his hand and gaze thoughtfully at his young son spelling out the "hard words" or making crooked ungainly letters on the slate laid on his little knees.

Every Sunday, before Mass, Seumas would "drop across" the Schoolmaster and have a little chat, and as surely as he would the conversation, sooner or later turned to "that young lad o' mine." (Seumas always spoke English in conversing with "the Masther").

They lived a simple sort of life in Cuan-na-Sgiath. There wasn't much variety in it for anyone, but for poor lonely Seumas there would be none at all were he not blessed with "that young lad o' his" who gave him something to think of and work for.

Four more years slipped away. Cronan, the Schoolmaster said, was quick, intelligent, like many of his fellows, and unlike them inclined to learn. "but," he added — and in this the neighbours agreed with him — "he is a little too lively and you ought to look after him better."



LITTLE CRONAN HAS THE IDEA OF HIS FATHER.

"Arrah! sure the boy's young," Seumas would reply. "Do you want him to be a roll o' butter without a *hum* or a *hom* out o' him. If you were buyin' a horse at a fair, you'd get one with a bit o' spirit in him that ud be value for your money and ud turn out all right. Cronan will turn out all right yet, please God, so he will — when he gets sinse." So Cronan grew up, a frolicsome boy, having a lot of his own way, yet withal possessed of a certain ambition to learn what he could; and fun or mischief never made him any the less attentive to his school lessons. Before he was yet nine years old, his father, in too great affection, was already wondering would himself be able to do "something better" for the boy than merely leaving him the "bit of land and a boat and a half."

"If I had another son to leave them to," he would say, "'twould be very well; but sure I'd be lonesome now if I had no little boy running about the house." And then he would recollect himself. "Well amn't I the foolish man to be thinking o' such things. Cronan is but a weeny child yet." And though he thus dismissed the idea it would recur again and again till at last the thought of his son's advancement seemed to have taken possession of his whole mind.

* * * * *

Great black clouds had been gathering in the evening, and hid the sun and darkened the waters of Galway Bay. The waves topped

with foam followed one another up the shingle and ran back with a rattle and a roar only to come on again with increasing violence that foretold the coming storm. The gentle breeze that a while ago played with the ripening corn and the green-leaved branches, now whistled and moaned through the tree-tops, and fiercely lashed the waves against the rocks below and shook the boats drawn up on the sand, and set the clouds racing across the sky. There was only one boat that had not returned in the early evening. Micheál Mor had been at the market in Galway and had brought little Cronan with him to show him the *Citie*. He had not yet entered the inlet, but many had hoped he would be safe at home before the storm came on in all its fury. O'Daly was anxious for his son. "Out on such a sea as this!" he would say, "I'll lose my only boy. My God, bring him safe to me!" And he passed near the little pier, looking out to sea and unheeding the cold spray that continually dashed over him. He was looking towards Ceann-garbh, and while he looked, the strength came into the winds, and he saw the boat rounding the headland tossed about on the merciless sea. But Micheál was a brave steersman, and the villagers that stood with O'Daly seemed to grow confident as they watched the old veteran himself at the tiller. She raced before the gale; the foam dashed over her, and, as the storm increased

she was many time lost sight of as she slipped into a mighty trough of the sea.

"Have a care of the Rocks, Micheál! The Rocks, man! the Rocks!" roared O'Daly. He trembled for his son's safety, and called out as though Micheál Mor could hear him. Micheál only heard the roar of the wind and the sea, but he saw the Rocks look black and threatening in the growing darkness, and recalled that many a boatman, unknowing their surroundings had smashed on their rough jagged edges. Bravely did his sons do their parts; three of them were with him; nor did the child of O'Daly show himself a coward. He tried to give a helping hand and had to be restrained lest he should venture too much and topple overboard. He did not realize how serious their position was, but he knew there was some danger, yet was not afraid.

More and more the storm increased, and all hope died in the hearts of those that watched from the shore. They wondered what Micheál intended to do. He dared not come straight to the pier as the present direction of the boat seemed to indicate. That would mean being dashed to pieces at their very feet. They all had often seen such storms, but never had any of them seen one of their number making port in such a heavy sea. They had always somehow, managed to provide for bad weather by a timely homecoming, or putting into one of the shelterly

inlets that ran in to the land here and there along the coast. "Poor Micheál," they thought, "has been badly caught. He can't land, though he do his best." Still the boat came on. "What is he going to do?" they asked one another. "He'll come in safe, take my word for it," said one, more to give courage to O'Daly and Micheál's wife and children than anything else. The boat neared the end of the long line of rocks, and while yet three boats length from it, Tomás, son of Micheál, stood at the boat's side, a rope coiled in his hands. Another few yards and they were almost passing the outer rock.

"Now Tomás," shouted Micheál. And Tomás cast the rope against the wind, and it was carried and the anchor fell among the rocks; a turn of the rudder, and the strain on the rope was greatly lessened, and when it became taut, it caused the boat, to swing round — at great risk of being swamped it is true — and shoot in between the Black Rock and the outer line; and those dangerous sentinels of Cuan-na-Sgiath that had wrecked many a hardy fisher, now sheltered Micheál's boat from the raging sea outside. How he steered safely through the treacherous hidden rocks, nobody could tell. Micheál himself could only say "he knew the lie of every one of them, and the sons made good use of the oars" but not even himself could tell how he steered through the shallows near Croc-na-Cille, but he did it, and

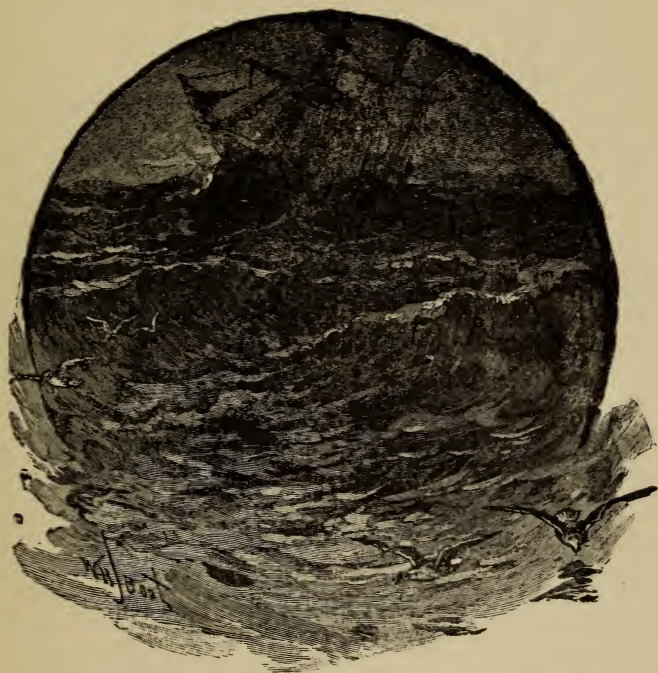
with a will the men rushed into the shallower waters to haul them up, and O'Daly was among the first; and when they were on the land he clasped his son in his arms, and thanked God for giving him back to him. Many were the handshakes poor Micheál and his sons got as the villagers gathered around to congratulate them on their skilful seamanship and happy escape. Little Cronan was carried home by his father, who could not suffer his son again to leave his sight for that night at least.

All night the storm raged. The roofs of the little cottages threatened to collapse every moment, so great was the force of the wind. The rain fell in torrents and ran in streamlets everywhere. Fearful gusts swept down the chimneys and whistled in every crevice of door and window; and all the time the sea's rumble could be heard from below as it heaved and rolled at war, as it were, with the rocks, and endeavouring to sweep them away with its terrible strength. The men gathered by the firesides talked of ships that would never put to sea again after that night. The woman prayed for the poor wanderers that would never reach the shore; and the children were frightened and felt sad, in sympathy, it seemed, with the fear and sorrow they read in the faces of their elders. Towards dawn it became less violent yet no light craft could live in such a sea. It still rolled with almost all the force of the previous night.

All along the coast line, was strewn the wreckage that told a dismal tale of death and sorrow. Beyond near Ceanngarbh a barque was ashore; her stern was sunk in the sea, her bow elevated. A grating noise could be heard as, heaving with the undulation of the water, her keel scraped on the rocks. Her masts and rigging were torn away, and it was plain she could not last much longer in her present position. As soon as the tide should recede a little more, she would split, or topple over into the sea again, to be tossed about at the mercy of the waves and gradually torn asunder. It did not take long for the news of the wreck to spread through the village, and in a short time many were hastening to the stranded vessel lest there should be any aboard in need of assistance.

When they arrived, a few of the more active young men crawled out over the rocks, and by a rope that dangled over the side, succeeded in climbing aboard the perilously situated barque. A scene of the wildest disorder met their gaze. Broken timber and tangled ropes were thrown about everywhere. They saw, too, that the boats were gone. "Washed away in the storm," they supposed, "or maybe, taken by the crew as their only chance of escape."

"Arrah! there's not a sinner's soul alive in this place," said Tomás Mac a Bhaird.



BEYOND NEAR CEANNGARBH A BARQUE WAS ASHORE.

"Take a run over her, boys, and we'll be off. She isn't safe."

As they approached the master's cabin, they heard a child crying and calling mournfully, "Father, speak to me." They hastened forward and found a man stretched on the floor unconscious, and a boy, apparently about five years of age, kneeling by his side and trying to awaken him.

They gently took the poor boy away, and still more gently lifted the unconscious form of the father, and after great difficulty managed to get both safely ashore. They carried the injured man quickly along the rough pathway to the nearest house, and while every means known to the poor fisherfolk were being used to restore the suffering stranger, they had already sent for the priest and doctor. The boy, too, was being looked after. It was not hard to console him. His years saved him from sorrow. He did not know how seriously his father had been injured; nor did he understand why Seumas O'Daly soon came to him and patting him on the head said: "Poor child! you will soon belong to me." He little thought, poor child! that Seumas had come straight from the father's bedside, where he, on hearing the stranger ask for someone to guard his child, had in his good nature consented to do so.

"My life has not been such a one as would endear me to my own," the dying man had

said, "and I would rather entrust my boy even to someone unknown to me, than, that he should be brought up to hate his father's memory."

Whether he had previously been a Catholic is known only to Father Carey. However, he freely received the last rites of the Church and calmly passed away as the priest recited the prayers for the dying.

The few things he desired Father Carey to make known were of little consequence. He again gave his heartfelt thanks to O'Daly for taking charge of his child. He was sorry his thanks were all he could leave him, for he was never provident, and had at most the couple of pounds that would pay the expenses of his burial. The barque he was master of had had no cargo. They were sailing from Galway with ballast. And when the storm came on them suddenly, they were too close to the rocks to make any great effort to save her. His crew had refused to obey him, and finally had taken the boats as their only hope of safety. He took his chance with the ship and kept his boy within his cabin. As he was scrambling down the hatchway a piece of wreckage struck him, and how he reached his cabin he did not know, nor did he remember anything further till he found himself among them on shore.

"I leave the boy to a stranger's charity," he concluded. "He will be better cared for by him than he would be by me. Let him

bear his adoptor's name, and let mine be forgotten — or rather unknown. ”

The doctor came too late. Life's battle had ended for the poor seaman:—“a life that seemed to have been more or less a failure;” so thought the villagers, but they left their thoughts unspoken. They buried them in the grave they gave him an Ard-nanaomh.

Seumas O'Daly felt it was God that gave him this second child. He would look on Jack — so the boy was named,— as his own son, and would treat him as such, and Cronan's ambition should now have free scope as far as his means would allow.

Soon the stir caused by the wreck calmed down and things went on in their accustomed groove in Cuan na Sgiath. Seumas, true to his word, gave every opportunity to Cronan to learn, encouraged him to read, and bought him any books he needed. Cronan too treated Jack as a brother; and the latter becoming adapted to his surroundings, was soon like any of the village boys in habit and language. He was fond of the sea, and, when out in O'Daly's boats, was more careless and daring than even his wildest playmate would dream of being; yet in the presence of his elders he was silent and reserved, nay even “sheepish.” As time advanced he observed that O'Daly's life seemed to be centred entirely in Cronan.

He failed to grasp how very natural

it was that it should be so, and an awful jealousy of his companion even now seized his childish mind. Outwardly he was affectionate as before, yet inwardly he was beginning to hate O'Daly's son. It seemed part of the child's nature to hate and act a double part. Sometimes, indeed, he was at no pains to conceal his real feelings from Cronan himself, but, immediately afterwards, he would be smiling and friendly as before, and Cronan would wonder how he had thought the other wished him ill. As time passed Jack's outbursts of passion became more frequent, yet Cronan still hoped that in time the other would be able to overcome his feelings, and that better relations would exist between them. There were no signs, however, of those hopes being realized. Jack hated him. O'Daly never for a moment suspected that any evil thoughts were entertained by his adopted son. He scarcely ever interfered in Cronan's amusements before, so now he let the two boys have most things their own way. If he ever did happen to notice anything "out of the way," he paid no attention in accordance with an old principle of his: "Boys will be boys till they grow and get sense. Sure, you might as well be whistling a horn pipe for Paidin Ban's ould mare as to be tryin' to talk sense to a boy." That was Seumas' notion.

It was the beginning of the New Year, and Cronan had at last bid "good-bye" to the

National School and gone to the Diocesan Seminary. That was a great event in the poor boy's life, and for days before he left, he was continually talking of it.

"Isn't it grand, Jack," he once said, "to be going off to College. You wouldn't know what I'd turn out to be!"

"You wouldn't know," answered Jack sullenly, and he walked off towards the pier. Cronan could only wonder what had made his companion angry now; and Jack was silent and moody all that evening; indeed he did not speak much till the other had gone away. All the time he imagined it a great slight, that Cronan should get opportunities that were denied to himself. He could only look at the matter from his own view-point; and even after Cronan's departure, when he had somewhat regained his usual light-heartedness — outwardly at least — he still considered himself aggrieved and resolved to have satisfaction in some way. He often meditated how he too might induce O'Daly to give him a chance. He believed he was as clever as Cronan, "but then," he reflected, "Seumas is not able to pay for two of us," and immediately the wild idea seized him, even though he was yet scarcely twelve years of age, that there should be only one of them, and that should be himself.

Oftentimes he would row out on the Bay in O'Daly's "curach," and remain abroad by himself till dark, and then he would go home

and sit in silence while a few neighbours smoked and talked by the fireside. At other times he brought boys from the village with him and took a keen delight in the terror his wild pranks would cause them; now, he almost overturned the boat by his clever handling of the oars; now he almost threw them into the sea by a slight trip with his foot and a lurch of the light "curach", and he roared with laughter while they screamed with fear. Yet he could induce the very same victims to go with him time after time. All this was the working out of his designs against O'Daly's son. He wanted to be an adept in those dangerous tricks, that he might use them for his own purpose when Cronan came home on a vacation.

Summer-time came and Seumas was delighted when he saw the boat that brought home his son touching the little pier. He was proud of the boy, and well he might, for Cronan although a short time in the seminary had already won golden opinions from his teachers. And poor Seumas showed him in a hundred ways how much he thought of him; but every token of the father's love added fuel to the fire of jealousy that burned in Jack's breast. He however, kept a fair face, nor, in fact, did he seem less pleased than O'Daly of Cronan's success. Cronan and Jack went out on the Bay as of old, and Jack pulled away with bared arms while Cronan steered, and they sang, and fished,

and talked, nor did the least sign of ill-feeling cast a shadow over their pleasure.

It was a glorious evening in July. The sun seemed straight over Aran, and shed the brightness of his splendour over everything, the Bay, and the islands, and the little white-washed cottages along the Connemara coast. Out on the horizon a turf-boat flashed for a little while and then disappeared around Clochan Head as it made its way to Belharbour or Kinvarra. It was a glorious evening, and the two boys were out and enjoyed it immensely — even more than usual. Jack was in his gayest mood, and it seemed to Cronan that the bad temper that had long ago made his companion a slave was at last entirely conquered. They were far out from the pier heading towards Ceanngarbh. The shore along that side was bare and lonely; no neat white-washed cottages were dotted here and there to relieve the brown monotony of rock and heath.

“We are just over the sunken wreck of my father’s ship now, Cronan,” said Jack, as they neared Ceanngarbh, and he glanced over the side and lifted the oars out of the water, “You can still see the broken mast-stumps, if you lean well over the side and look close to the water.”

The “curach” drifted smoothly.

“Lean to the other side for a moment, Jack,” said Cronan, “and balance the “curach” while I look.”

Jack did so, and Cronan peered into the sea. He was wondering what the ship would be like after so many years.

Suddenly there was a lurch.

"Hold hard, Cronan!" called Jack. But Cronan was in the water and the other was pulling away with all his strength.

"He will never be able to swim ashore," he meditated. "When I get under Ceann-grabh the 'curach' will go too!"

"What's wrong with ye there?" called a voice behind him.

Jack was startled. Looking over his shoulder, he saw Micheál Mor sailing towards him in one of the large trawlers. He had come round the headland while Cronan had been looking into the sea, and Jack in the excitement of the moment had not noticed him in the glare of the western sunlight.

"Cronan has fallen into the sea," shouted Jack; and he hid as well as he could his confusion and anxiety.

"And you were pulling away from him, you young thief!" roared Micheál.

I pulled a bit out of the way, that he might not strike against the boat," answered Jack stiffly, as he began to pull back to where Cronan had risen.

"Come in here with me, Cronan," said Micheál as he brought the trawler around.

"Thank you, Micheál!" panted Cronan, "but I will go back as I came out — with Jack."

"Have your own way. Have your own way, my boy," said Micheál, "but I'll keep ye in sight. The likes of ye shouldn't be trusted with a boat at all!"

Jack assisted Cronan into the boat, and to his inquiry as to whether he were hurt Cronan said:

"Oh! not at all. I'm wet though, and would like to get home quickly."

If he suspected anything he kept his thought to himself.

"Micheál and Tomas!" he called to the others, "don't tell father or he'll never let me out of his sight again, and I'll not have a bit of pleasure or fun out of the vacation. "

"All right boy, all right," they shouted back; and Micheál added, "But do ye hurry up, as I'm going to see ye in safe anyway."

And he did; for he shortened sail and was never more than a few boats' length from them till they were safe ashore in Cuan na Sgiath.

Later many little incidents occurred to again arouse the suspicions of Cronan, but he kept his own counsel; he did not even remonstrate with Jack. He thought it scarcely worth his while as he would be soon returning to the seminary. One evening, however, brought matters to a crisis, and that too in a most unexpected manner. Cronan was walking among the rocks on top of Croc Eaglais. He read as he walked, and being

deeply interested in his book, failed to notice that Jack from behind the rocks watched his every movement with hateful eyes. Cronan at length turned homewards by the well-worn pathway down the steep hill side. As he walked through the narrow pass under the overhanging rocks, he saw some small stones toppling down a few yards in front of him. He looked upwards for the cause, and as he did so a huge boulder came rolling down upon him. He jumped aside; too late, however, for it caught him on the ankle and pinned him to the ground, and as he fell some of the falling fragments struck his head and he lay quiet and still in the soft twilight.

The neighbours missed him; and it was there they found him; and when they carried the uncounscious boy home there was sorrow in his father's heart. For long O'Daly could say nothing but ask God to spare him "poor Cronan."

"You gave him to me, and from the depths of the sea You delivered him for me. Spare him now, my God, and do not crush a father's heart—!"

Jack was guarded in his actions. He seemed to have no knowledge of Cronan's whereabouts all that evening, and appeared grief-stricken when he was told what had happened. He acted well. Not one breathed the slightest suspicion of his having anything to do with the affair, and though he felt a certain uneasiness and trouble of mind, he felt no

sorrow, rather he hoped Cronan would die. He was bound hand and foot a slave to hatred.

As he lay awake that night he heard the footsteps of the watchers as they treaded softly to and from the sick room. Later he heard a heavy step come to the front door, then Micheál Mor's "God save all here," and his whispered inquiry for the poor sufferer. Micheál had been over in Cillronan all day and had only just returned. His presence now at once recalled to Jack's mind that the old man had been a witness of the incident in the bay, and that oftentimes since then he showed that he suspected him of evil intentions towards Cronan. At once he was on the alert, and going to the door of his room listened anxiously for what Micheál would say. Seumas was calmer now, and as Micheál sat with him at the fire, he described as well as he knew, how his son got hurt, how they found him and the rock on his leg, and his poor head bruised and cut.

"And they carried him home to me, Micheál," said the poor father. "And there he is, the pride and light of my life, with death standing outside to take him away from me and to crush up my own heart too! O! 'tis hard 'tis hard! May God help me but 'tis a sore trouble!"

"God's holy Will be done!" said Micheál consolingly. "That's not the way to take it, Seumas. Death didn't come in the door at

all yet, and it won't, please God! But even if it does, then welcome be the Will of God!"

There was silence for a while between them. The fire burned brightly, and its glow lit up the faces of the two men as they gazed into it. Micheál looked uneasily at Seumas a few times, as if he were afraid of what he was about to say. He had been thinking over many things, and as himself would say, "putting two and two together." Many little incidents that he had never given a second thought to before now came to his mind, and he fitted them together as best he could. He was satisfied they formed a chain of evidence, and so, drawing a deep breath, he began:—

"Tell me, Seumas, where was the lad when this happened?"

"What lad?" returned Seumas.

"Where was Jack at the time?" asked Micheál.

"Maiseadh! how would I know?" replied Seumas. "'Twasn't he that was troubling me, Micheál. He was sorry enough, at any rate, when he saw his poor comrade, God help us!"

"Hah! he was, in troth, I'll go bail," said Micheál, sarcastically. "Seumas, I can say a thing or two, and maybe I'd open your eyes for you. I can say a thing or two!"

"What do you mean, man?" said O'Daly. "I can't understand you.——"

"And never can understand what I'll tell

you." said Micheál, "no more can myself! Where is Jack now? Where is he?"

"The boy is in bed," said Seumas, "where else would he be?"

Jack was then at his bedroom door, listening attentively. He could hear almost every word of the whispered conversation.

"Very well then," said Micheál, "I'll tell you things now, Seumas, that you won't like, an' 'tis no pleasure to me to speak. May God pardon me if I do wrong to anyone. What I do I do with a good intention. All I'm sorry for is that I didn't tell you sooner and save you, perhaps, a lot of trouble."

He then proceeded to disclose what he had observed in Jack's character, and his doubts about the sincerety of his friendship for Cronan. He enumerated the very many incidents that led him to distrust the younger boy, and laid particular emphasis on the boating affair

"When," he said, "it was clear Jack meant to injure the other. I would have told you this long ago, Seumas, but poor Cronan begged me not to do so. And," added Micheál, "it was not once the likes of these happened either, but many times; and I warned Jack, but he'd prove on me up to, and against, my two eyes, that they were only makin' fun and showin' what they could do — and faix it was strange fun — and so I held my tongue about it all."

"And I wish you held it now, too," said Seumas bitterly, "and not bring wicked thoughts into my mind about that child."

"And I wish I could," said Micheál, taking no notice of the rebuke, "and I wish all I have said was a lump of devilish lies. But, Seumas, that child is a wicked one, and your son when God gives him strength again, will tell you no lie, but will prove what I say."

"I'll call Jack before your face this very minute, Micheál," said O'Daly, rising.

"Hold hard, Seumas!" said Micheál, laying a hand on him. "You will do a bad act if you call him. He may make a noise that would injure Cronan, who needs the rest and quiet now. Let him be till morning, when we can go outside, and I'll be there to speak before him *then*, as I do before you *now*."

Seumas O'Daly scarcely replied to Micheál's *Beannacht leat*, as the latter went out of the door some time afterwards. His head was too full of sore thoughts. He had wished for a second son, that he might let his own go from him to a higher sphere of life, and one came to him from the sea and the storm, only to be now accused of the basest ingratitude and hypocrisy by his truest friend — a friend who would have no desire to deceive him. Long into the night the whole matter weighed heavily on his mind; he turned it over and over, seeking in every way to excuse Jack from every wicked intention, yet the conviction with which Micheál spoke recurred again and again, and the whole series of thought and argument repeated itself. A few times he thought of going to the boy him-

self for some explanation, but when he looked towards the door of the bedroom he changed his mind and said to himself:—

“We’ll wait, and see what the morning will do.” At last he dozed where he sat; his dreams were troubled, because of the conversation with Micheál Mor, yet he did not awaken before the clear light of the dawn stole through the chinks in the shuttered windows, and brought back his old friend to keep his word. Micheál had risen early, and had hastened up to O’Daly’s.

“I’m here to stand by what I said, Seumas,” he said, as he laid his hand on the other’s shoulders and gave him a gentle tap. “Though I couldn’t sleep last night with thinking of it, still I’m glad I spoke, and ’tis hard on me that it had to be so.”

Seumas was dazed for a moment on awakening; then he pulled himself together, and recalling the conversation of the previous night walked without a word straight to Jack’s room. He found it empty, however, for Jack having heard Micheál accusation, decided it would be better to leave in time, than wait to make a defence, which at most would be considered lame. He would have to leave anyway, he reflected, for the neighbours would cast side-long glances at him, and in their love for openness and candour would boycott him as a knave and a hypocrite. They would always have a suspicion of him.

He put a few little necessities together and slipped away in the darkness. To prevent pursuit he stole over to Micheál Mor's house, and tapping gently at the window of Tomas, the favourite companion of his sports, told him briefly of how he was suspected of injuring Cronan. "'Tis all false, Tomas," he said. "But I'd sooner go away than be accused of such a thing. They can prove nothing against me, and I want you to tell them so, and to ask them not to follow me, as even if they brought me back I could not stay here any longer, for many would still think me guilty."

He bound the boy to silence till clear day, and then bidding him farewell disappeared in the night.

Whither he went no one knew, Some who, in the early dawn, were going to Kinvarra Fair, had seen him going across the fields apparently in the same direction. They thought he was only going to tell the doctor how Cronan was, and he was too far away to call him. Others, later on, saw him making towards Galway. So many turns did he take that he left no one the wiser as to his ultimate destination. No attempt was made to get him back; only a few inquiries made through natural curiosity, and he was gone completely out of their lives, and soon gone out of their minds as well; gone as he had come — in mystery.

After a few days, Cronan was happily de-

clared out of danger. He still required great care; but, as Dr. Mackay said, his recovery was mostly a matter of time. Slowly, very slowly, he regained his strength, but he did regain it, and with it his former spirits and vivacity. The late summer saw him once more out of doors, and shortly he ventured out on the sea with Micheál. The colour of health came to his cheeks, and the old playful smile was on his lips, and the light of joyful youth was in his eyes. Cronan was his old self again. His father no longer wished to have another "son," but now he was resolved that Cronan should pursue his studies, and he would leave all else in the hands of God. He recalled his foolish notions of the previous years; how he wanted someone to whom he would leave what he had. One came to him and what resulted? And then something he had often heard flashed through his mind, "Man proposes, but God disposes." He paused. That finished the matter for him. He would have Cronan go back to his studies, and leave all the rest to God.

* * * * *

Fifteen years afterwards, in the cool of a June evening, a steam collier anchored in the "roads" at the entrance to Galway Harbour. A boat immediately shoved off, and four oars sped her quickly towards the quay. The pilot, who had taken the steamer from Arran to the "roads," jumped ashore as the boat touched the landing steps.

"Wait here, men," he said to the sailors, "I'll be back in a *jiffey*, for 't isn't far up to the house."

He ran up the steps, and hastened across the quays, and was lost to sight as he dodged through the foreign timber, manure, and corn, piled up in all sorts of conceivable and inconceivable places. Up the crooked narrow streets he went and was saved a great part of the journey by meeting one of the curates on the footway. He stopped: "I beg your pardon, Fr, but I want to talk to you a minute he said.

"Why, what's the matter with you, Seaghan?" asked the priest.

"'Twill be the blessin' o' God, sir, if you hurry out to the vessel in the "roads". The second mate is at the point o' death, an' by the way he's callin' he wants a priest badly. I left the boat here below at the dock, an' she'll take you out an' back in no time, Father."

"Let us hurry so, Seaghan. Bring me to the boat at once. 'Twill waste time if I have to look out for her myself."

And back they went the way the pilot had come. The priest entered the boat. and they pushed off, and the boat's prow sent wavelets circling away from it and disturbed the glass-like surface of the bay. The priest wondered whence the poor wanderer was. During his life he, doubtless, had seen many lands, had been in many climes, yet now he

had come to the end of his course; he was going home now, and he would never wander more. The priest prayed silently for him he was about to visit, and asked God's blessing on the poor sailor's death-bed. At last they reached the side of the vessel. The captain received and welcomed the priest on board the ship, and then conducted him at once to the mate's cabin.

"Remain here a moment, Father," he said, "I will tell him you have come."

A gentle knock and the captain entered:—

"The priest is here now mate," he said. "May he come in?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" was the weak response. Then there was a groan as of pain. The captain came out.

"Go in Father," he said, "I don't think you have much time to spare. You should make haste."

The Priest entered, and stooping over the dying man, whispered kindly:—

"Poor fellow! Let me help you to be happy. God is very good, my child, and you need not fear Him. Let me help you to give all your love to God." He continued with words of consolation and hope, and all the time he could not fail to notice that the sick man was gazing intently into his face. The priest was about to take the man's hand in his, when suddenly it was drawn away, and the sufferer turning full towards him, asked:

"Are you Cronan O'Daly?"

"Yes, my son," answered Cronan, and he wondered how the stranger could know him.

A cloud seemed to darken the face of the sick man. Then, with all the anger his weakened condition admitted, he said.:

"Then you shall *not* help me. I hate you now as I have hated you all my life!" And he turned away his face.

The priest was completely taken by surprise. He at last recognised Jack — poor wayward Jack; and after all those years it was thus they met. Gently he took the white hand in his, and overcoming the feeble resistance of the other, pressed it to his lips. He spoke kindly of the happier days before Jack began to hate him, and he took care to not as much as hint at the sad incident that caused their long separation. He showed he had no enmity, but would do every kindness to his one-time companion. He waited a while. Time was passing, time that would decide the fate of one of them for all eternity. Now and again the priest spoke gently, and gradually led up to the great grace of a happy death. "There is no time now to get another priest, who might be able to change his heart," he thought. "I must only do my best for him."

Poor Jack," said he aloud, "we first knew each other as friends, let us be so again before we part. Put the folly of youth out of your mind; let it not stand between us two now, and between you and God. Come,

my old companion, put on your soul the white robe of innocence before you go to meet our Saviour, Who is waiting for you.?" He paused again. He listened to the breath drawn irregularly and with difficulty and lifted up his heart to God in prayer. There was a movement of the head on the pillows and with great trouble and pain, the dying man turned towards him, his face streaming with tears.

"Cronan," he gasped, as he attempted to stretch out his hands, "since you so freely forgive, God surely will not be hard with me. Sit beside me and take the load of my sins and my sorrow from me."

* * * * *

The priest entered the boat, and they pushed off. As they sped over the water, the prow sent wavelets circling away and disturbed the glasslike surface of the bay. The scene was expressive of peace. All in the boat were silent, but the priest was calling to mind how Jack had come to his father's house from the sea and storm, and now he had gone to his Father's house in a great calm. The collier stood boldly out against the Western sky; not a ripple licked its dark side; a great stillness reigned over everything. It was only a picture of that peace which reigns where Jack's soul had gone.

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